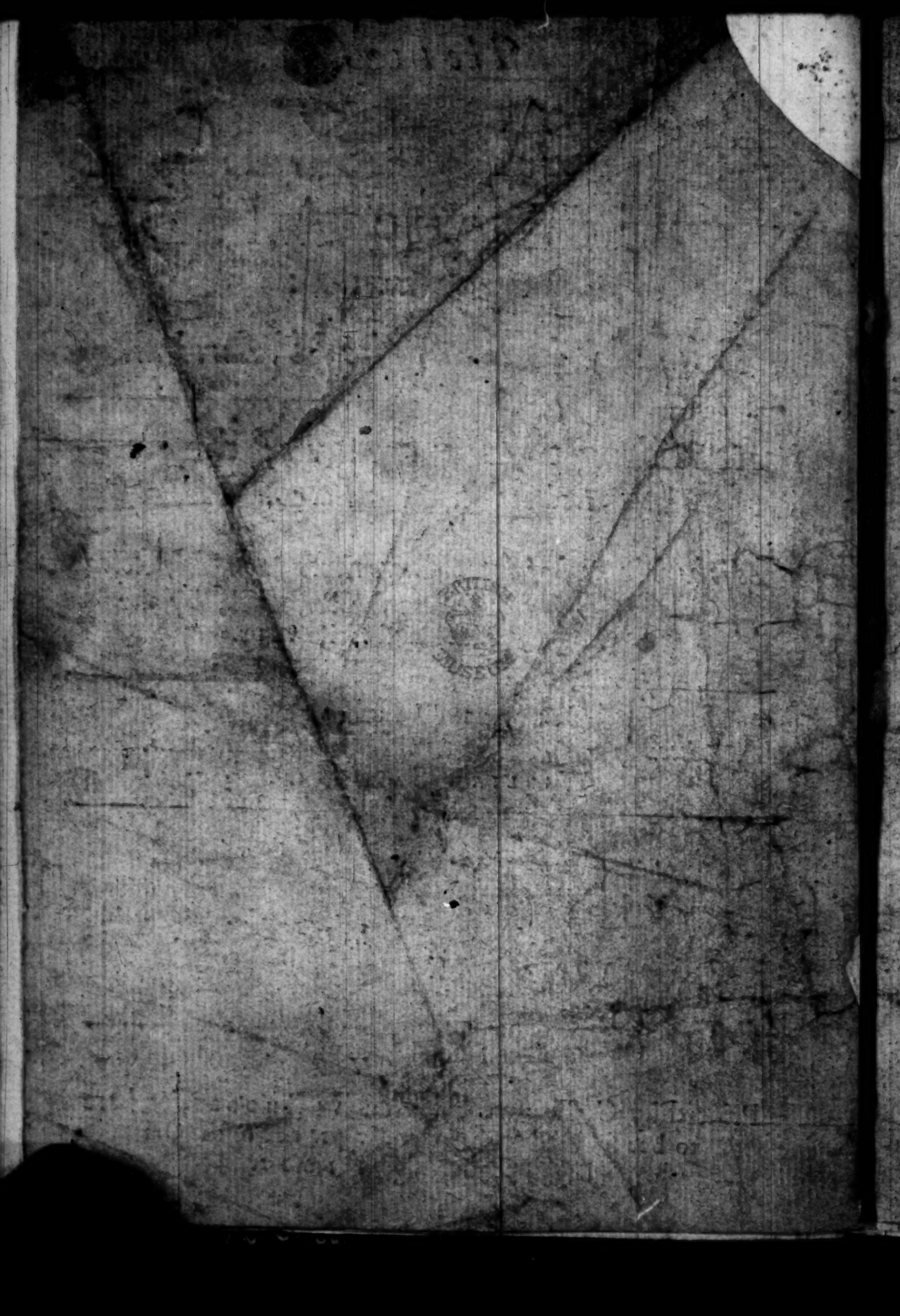


With the Death of faire Marriam

*As it hath beene, of late, divers times publickly done,
(with great Applause) at the Red Bull, by the
Company of his Majesties Revels.*

Written by { GERVASE MARKHAM }
Gentleman {
{ WILLIAM SEAFORD }
Gentleman {



Addressed to the Mathematical Reader.

READER, whose hearts haue sparkled with Desire
To be inflamed with *Promethian Fire*,
Fetcht from *Parnassus Shrine* (the *Muses Mount*)
To You I write, that make so deare account
Eu'n of *Arts* meekest *Shadows*; You contemne
The drossy *Substance*, highly priz'd by Men
Of Earthy breeding; who can neuer glean
The least Content from a true *Tragick Spæce*
Of high and noble Nature; nor care they
To *heare*, or *understand*; but see a Play:
For *Tragædy* or *History*, you shall
Neuer finde these at any *Stationers Stall*.
Bestow one Six-pence: but, for bald Discourses
Of *Commicke Ribaldry*, they'l draw their Purfes.
Hence is the cause, that *Stories* (like to This)
Shall lie in darke Obscurity, and misse
The *Printers Presse*, t'adorne and set them forth
In the true Glories of their *Natiue Worth*:
When *Carrion-Comedies* (not worth an *Hayre*)
Must be set out with *Excellent* and *Rare*
Strange vnderferuing Titles: but, let these
Merit such liking as their Readers please.
Heere I haue sent and Printed to your view,
A Story; which I dare be bold is true,
Now newly writ, and truly worth your view,
Gather'd from learn'd *Iossephus*, all the while
Is, that it may your kinde *Acceptance* see,
I then shall count my Care, and *Labour* done,
So happily bestow'd: for *Contentment* is
For your *Contentment*.



THE PROLOGVE.

Times eldest Daughter (Truth) presents our Play;
And, from forgotten Monuments of Clay,
Cals up th' Heroicke Spirits of old Times,
Fam'd then as well for Vertues as blacke Crimes;
And with Her owne Tongue, and owne Phrase, to tell
The Actions they haue done; or ill, or well.
IOSEPHVS th' ancient Writer, with a Pen
Lent by the Muses, giues new life to Men;
Who breath'd such Tragicke Accents forth toth' Eare
Of Hebrew Armies, which you now shall heare;
Please you to sit attentine: Wit hath runne
In a Zodaicall Circle, like the Sunne,
Through all Inuention; which is growne so poore
Shee can shew nought, but what ha's beene before:
Yet Reuerend History, which vpon the Stage
Hath oft beene heard speake; hopes, even for Her Age,
Your strong hands will support Her; Shee must liue
Now by no heate, but what your beames doe giue:
To gaine which (though Her Scenes seeme graue and hie)
Shee heere and there with a loose wing doth flye;
Striving to make you merry: No other Bayes
She reaches at, but this; your Loues, your Praise.

The



The true
TRAGEDY
OF HEROD AND
ANTIPATER.

ACTUS I. SCœNA I.

Enter at one dore Alexandra in her petticoate; at another, Aristobulus the high Priest in his wastcoate or shirt, both amazedly.



Qu. Alexandra.

My thrice Princely Sonne; thou hast forgot

That Time's our Maister, and wee can dispose

But meerely of the instant.

Eld. Arist. Madam true:

Nor haue I lost a moment; yet I know,
No diligence appeares to those, whose hearts
Doe both desire and waite.

Q. Alex. Enough, enough;
Come let's away, my heart is wing'd with haste
That out-flies thought or motion; Ægypt (sweete)
Hath safety in it, not Ierusalem.

Eld. Arist. I doe confesse it; yet this dangerous way
Of our escape, hath many feares about it.

Q. Alex. There's pregnant reason for it, and our liues

The true Tragædy of

Are markes that *Herod* shoots at : Who but sees
The wofull state of sad Ierusalem,
And how this Tyrant (like an angry Boare)
Roots vp the goodly Pines should couer him?
Hath he not slaine *Antigonus*, destroyd
Thy Father and thy Grandfire: (O my Lords,
My deare lou'd Lords, my Father and my Husband ;)
Worthy *Hircanus*, noble *Alexander* ;
And at this instant lies hee not in waite
For our destructions? Beldame that I am
To prate at such a season ; (holy Sweete)
Come let's away, our flight is so secure,
No Art can vndermine it ; any pause
Opens our granes before vs : flye, O flye.

Eld. Arist. I doe attend your Highnesse.

Q. Alex. Harke, I heare
The steps of some pursues vs ; prethee come,
Let *Egypt* and not *Iuda* be our Tombe.

Exeunt.

*Enter at one dore Antipater at another Animis, with a band
of Soldiers.*

Antip. Is this the diligence your duty shewes,
To runne this slothfull pace? By all I loue,
Yare worthy of blame in high termes.

Anim. Princely *Antipater*.

Ant. Yare too improuident, and this neglect
Will draw your life in hazard ; vnderstand,
Th'are Lyons and not Lambs you cope withall:
The Mother-Queene is subtil, and her Sonne
Of high and noble spirit ; should they scape,
You fixe a Ramme to batter downe the life
Both of the King and Kingdome. *Ani.* Gracious Sir,
Feare not my care ; for nothing you can wish
Is able to outstrip my diligence.

Antip. I but awake the duty which you owe
Vnto your King and Countrey ; when that moues,
Children are strangers, Fathers are vnknowne,
And where our Princes health is questioned,

The

Herod and Antipater.

The liues we either borrow or doe lend
Must bee forgot and made ridiculous :
You vnderstand me, goe, dispatch, away.

Ani. With faith great as your longings.

*Exit Animis &
Soldiers.*

Ant. So, why so ;

Thus haue I started brauely, and maintain'd
My race with full speed to ambition ;
Much of my way is smoothed by the deaths
Of proud *Antigonus* and *Alexander*,
But chiefly of *Hircanus*, till hee went
My torch could neuer kindle ; could I now
But dampe the high Priest *Aristobulus*,
(As there's much water towards) and in it
Drowne his old politique Mother, halfe my way
Lies as my thoughts would wish it ; and how ere
By birth I am a Bastard, yet my wit
Shall beare me 'boue the true-borne ; for 'tis found,
Power makes all things lawfull, all things sound.

Exit.

*Cornets : and, Enter Herod, Marriam, Kiparim, Alexander,
Aristobulus, Salumish, Pheroas, Ioseph and Attendants.*

Her. Who sits on the Tribunall, sits on thorne,
And dangers doe surround him ; for at it
Enuy stands euer gazing, and with darts
Headed with lightning strikes vnto the heart
Of euery noble action : What can Kings
Doe, that the rude not censure and peruert
To vilde interpretations ? Nay, although
Iustice and mercy guard them ; though mens faults
Are growne so odious, that euen Cruelty
Is a commended goodnesse, meere Distrust
A reasonable vertue ; Secrecie,
Important and most needfull ; and Suspect,
A worthy truth, which needs no witnesses :
Yet, in this case, (where men cannot erre twice)
What shall we doe, that shall scape Infamie ?

Ant. Fine dissimulation !

Her. O 'tis a hell to thinke on, that how ere

The true Tragedy of

Our natures are inclin'd to pittie, yet
Our actions must be cruell (or so thought)
To guard our liues from danger; wicked men
With their sinnes so transforme vs. O my Loue,
This vnto thee I speake, whose tender heart
I know hath bitter thoughts, when it records
Thy Fathers and thy Grand-fathers mishaps:
'Tis true; I caus'd them dye; but (gentle Sweete)
Necessity, thy safety, mine, nay all the Lands,
Were my most iust assistants; and the act
Was noble, how ere blam'd of Cruelty.

Mar. My dearest Lord, doe not mistake my temper,
My Grand-father, and Father, when they fell,
How euer Nature taught mine eyes to weepe,
Yet in my loue to you I buried them;
They were rich Jewels once, but, set by you,
They haue nor price, nor lustre; 'tis mine eye
That pitties them, my heart doth honour you.

Ant. O y'are a goodnesse past equality,
And all the blessed times which are to come
Shall with more admiration then beleefe
Receiue th'incredible, but vndoubted truth,
Of your rare mildnesse, faith and temperance.

Her. It shall indeed; and be this kisse a seale
Of our perpetuall loue-knot; yet (my Queene)
There are new Treasons hatching, which (beleeu't)
Wil stretch thy patience higher: *Ioseph*, reade
That strange and cunning Letter.

Ioseph reads.

*I write short ALEXANDRA, for feare of interception; that
Herods cruelty extendeth to the death of thy Husband, and im-
prisonment of thy selfe, I lament: ayd I cannot send thee; but if
by flight thou canst escape, Egypt shall receiue thee: I am glad
thy Sonne Aristobulus is high Priest, let him accompany thy
Iourney: If I should deale for thee by force, I raise two mighty
enemies, Rome and Iuda; thou art wise, fare as my selfe:
Thine CLEOPATRA, Q. of Egypt.*

Herod and Antipater.

Kip. These are miraculous Treasons.

Sal. Subtile plots.

Phe. Strange interwinding mischiefs,

Mar. Say not so,

Giue them a gentler title ; nothings read
That doth accuse my Mother or my Brother.

P. Alex. Indeed 'tis but an inuitation
Of others Loue, not their confederacy.

T. Ari. Th' Egyptian Queen perswades, but their consent
Is not conceiued heere.

Her. Deere wife and Sonnes,
Loue hath a blindfold iudgement ; would their hearts
Were harmelesse as your wishes ; but heere comes
The man will reconcile vs : Captaine, speake,
Where's *Alexandra* ? Where's *Aristobulus* ?

Enter Animis with Soldiers, bringing two Trunks.

Ani. Sir, they are fled.

Her. Fled ! do not speake it ; better thou hadst funke
To hell, then bring that mischiefe.

Antip. O the Diuell !

This was your hackney pace.

Ani. By all that's true,
I haue not slackt a minute ; they were gone
Ere I had my commission, and so fast,
My speed could not outstrip them ; yet I tooke
This luggage and their Seruants, whence (no doubt)
Your Maiesty may gather new instructions.

Her. Whence I may gather my despaire and griefe ;
Villaine, thou hast betray'd me ; in their losse,
I'm lost to fate an danger : Silly Snaile,
Could Sloth haue crept so slowly ? Why, thy way
Was smooth as glasse, and thou mightst haue surpriz'd
Them easier then to speake it. O you Gods,
What plummetts hang at Vassals heeles ; and how
Doth sleepe and dulnesse ceaze them ! But I vow,
Thy life shall pay thy forfait.

Ani. Gracious Sir :

The true Tragedy of

Her. Talk'st thou of grace; and in this act hast lost,
All things that's like, or neare it? Did not scorne
Hold me, my hand should kill thee.

P. Alex. Good Sir, thinke——

Her. That y'are too rude to offer thus to thrust
'Twixt me and my resolution. *Antip.* Not a word;
'Tis death t'ouface this lightening.

Her. Lost, and fled, and gone, and all my hope
Turn'd topsie turvie downward? *Ioseph*, harke.

*Herod whispers with Ioseph, and beckens all the rest vnto them, but
Marriam, and Antipater.*

Mar. Blest be the God of *Iuda*, which hath brought
My royall Mother, and my Brother safe,
Out of the hands of sad Captiuitie.

O, I will offer Sacrifice each day,
And make that houre a Sabbath, which doth bring,
Them safe from threatning danger. *Antip.* Madam, Amen;

With that prayer Ile ioyne euer, and inuoke
Prosperity to guard them; —but (in heart)
Wish that damnation, like a Thunder-bolt,
Would beat them into cynders. *Her.* 'Tis resolu'd,

Force shall compell what vertuously I would
Haue sought from milde intreaty; for those Trunks,
Goe throw them into *Silo*, let that Lake
Deuoure them and their treasures. *Ios.* Not so good,

You may, by that meanes, blind-fold cast away
What you would after purchase with your blood;
But cannot then recall it: Sir, conceiue;

There may be Complots, Letters, Stratagems,
And things we cannot dreame of. *Kip.* Nay, perhaps
Some new negotiations. *Sal.* Paper tongues,

That may discouer strange dissemblers. *Her.* True,
You haue preuail'd, breake vp those rotten Tomibes,
Lets see what Ghosts they harbor. Ha, whats this?

*Here they breake open the trunks, and finde Alexandra, and
Aristobulus the elder.*

Mar. O me, my Mother and my Brother! Eyes
Drop out and see not their destruction.

Antip.

Herod and Antipater.

Antip. Vnhappy chance. *Is.* Vnfortunate young-man.

Y. Arist. 'Tis fate nor to be shunned.

P. Alex. Woe the time.

Her. What's heere: the high Priest like a Juggler?
Are these his holy Garments; this his Roabe,
His Brest-plate and his Ephod, his rich Coate,
His Miter and his Girdle? Can it be,
That this was once *Queene of Ierusalem?*
O you immortall Gods, to what disguise
Will Treachery transforme vs!

Q. Alex. Rather thinke,
How sharpe a plague is Tyrannie: O King,
Remember 'tis the fiercest Beast, of all
That are accounted sauage; yet delights
In Flattery, which is the worst of them
That are tame and domestique: With these Fiends
My life can finde no pleasure; doe not then
Blame me to seeke my freedome.

Eld. Arist. Mighty Sir,
If Life bee th'onely Jewell Heauen can lend,
And that in the Creation was not made
A thing of equall purchase; how can wee
Offend, that but preserue it? You may say,
It hath deceiu'd vs; yet Sir, I will thinke
How ere it finish heere, 'tis but a stroke
To draw it forth vnto eternity.

Her. 'Tis a good resolution; for (beleeu't)
Your dayes on earth are finisht; treacherous plots
Like these, shall not ore take me.

Q. Alex. But your Tyrannie
Shall out-runne all example: Sir, Despaire
Armes me with truth and boldnesse; I dare now
Tell you, of Kings, you are the wickedest;
And I, that in the ruines of my blood,
Read your destroying nature, and collect
Into a short brieft many Tragedies,
Acted vpon our family; what hope
Is left, that can assist vs?

Her. You

The true Tragedy of

Her. You are plaine.

Q. Alex. Truth hath no need of figures: was't not you
That did betray *Hircanus* in his flight
To the Arabian Monarch; and when laid
In harmeleſſe ſleepe then ſlew him? Did not you
Hire the bloody *Cassius* to cut off
My fathers head, (the lou'd *Antigonus*?)
Haue you not kild my Husband, troad my Sonnes
Into the mire, that you might ſafely walke
Ouer their heads vnto Ambition?

And can you hope, that wee haue any hope
In you, but deſolation?

Her. Your deſpaire
Turne temperance into folly; Charity

Would more become the dying. *E. Ariſt.* Tis confeſt;
Nor is it loſt in this ſad Argument:

We know our liues are forfeyt, take them Sir;

To dye, is the firſt contract that was made

Twixt Mankind and the World; tis a debt,

For which there's no forgiuenelſe, th'onely cauſe

For which we were created; and, indeed,

To die's mans nature, not his puniſhment;

What folly then would ſhun it? Boldly Sir,

Vie what your power hath conquer'd. *Her.* So I will;

Your owne lips are your Iudges; and theſe hands,

Arm'd with theſe two Stilletoes at one blow,

Shall thus driue all feares from me; but vnite *Offers to ſtab.*

Two friends in mine imbraces; happy ones, *lets the poniard*

Exceeding happy ones; let not your feares *ſal, & imbraces*

Draw to your eyes falſe figures, or make me *Ari. & Alex.*

Appeare that which I am not: come, I loue you,

Dearely I loue you; all that I haue done

Constraint, and not my nature perſitted:

Be henceforth free for ever; *Egypt*, nor

The World ſhall ſafelier guard you; as you ſtand

Thus ſhall you ſtill ſupport me; Holines

Vpon my right hand; Mother you ſhall ſit

Euer vpon my left hand; both ſhall be

Mine Armour, Counſell, and proſperity.

Places Ariſt. on his

right hand, and Q.

Alex. on his left.

Omnes.

Herod and Antipater.

Omnes. This grace is past example; *Herod's* a God.

Her. 'Tis but their first step to felicity:

Antipater, your care.

*Herod whispers with Antipater, Antipater with Y. Alexander,
and Prince Aristobulus.*

Y. Alex. Mother, the King is gracious.

Q. Alex. Past beleefe,

Nor shall the memory lose me; this not fain'd,

Ile fixe my prayers vpon him. *Ios.* You shall doe

Wrong to your royall nature to suspect him.

E. Arist. Sir, 'tis true;

I hold his word a rocke to build vpon.

P. Arist. The sport is excellent, the wager firme,
My person shall maintaine it.

Y. Alex. So shall mine.

Clap hands.

Antip. And if I shrinke, make me a weather-cocke.

Her. How soone a foule day's cleered: Now to make
Your happinesse more constant; Brother, know,
The Temple of King Salomon which I
The other day defaced and threw downe
Low as the earth it stood on; once againe
I will erect with double excellence.

Ioseph, my Brother, to your noble charge
I giue that holy building; see it fram'd
To th'height of Art and wonder; spare no gold,
Iewels, nor rich imbostructure; I haue mines,
And all shall be exhausted; that the world
May boast, King *Herod* out-went *Salomon*.

Ios. Sir, y'haue ingag'd me where my heart desir'd;
Doubt not my diligence. *Her.* 'Tis knowne too well:

How now, what newes Centurion? How stands fate
Betweene *Augustus* and *Marke Anthony*? *Enter Hillus.*

Hill. O royall Sir, deadly vnfortunate;
For, neuer was so sad a day before

Seene to ore-couer *Egypt*: To be brieft

Augustus hath the Conquest; *Anthony*

Lies buried in the blood his warlike hand

Strucke from his royall bosome; the sad *Queene*

Antip. E. Arist.

Y. Ari. P. Alex.

whisper.

The true Tragedy of

Oretakes him with like fury, and now both
Are turn'd to dust and ashes. *Her.* Thou hast spoke
Much sorrow in a few words. *Hill.* But hold still.
Farre greater to vnburthen: Soone as chance
Had made *Augustus* happy, and orethrowne
Faire *Cleopatra*, and her *Anthony*;
Hee viewes his spoyles, and 'mongst them findes the aide
Yad sent to interpose him: Now hee frownes,
Bends his inrag'd forehead, and protests,
That *Iuda* and *Ierusalem* shall curse

They euer heard the name of *Anthony*:
And this hee spake with such an Emphasis,
As shooke my heart within me; yet gaue wings
Vnto my faith to tell you. *Her.* Sir, no more,
Th'ast split me with thy Thunder; I haue made
Rome and the world my mortall enemies;
Yet vertue did transport me; but that guard
Is no guard now: Tell me, Centurion,
Where did you leaue *Augustus*? *Hill.* Sir, in *Rhodes*.

Her. Tis a faire easie Iourney, I'm resolu'd;
Nor shall perswasion change me; hence Ile goe,
And as a Hermite throw at *Casars* feete
My Crowne and person; if hee pittie them,
My peace is made; if otherwise,
My fault flies not beyond me. *Kip.* O my Sonne,

This is a desperate hazard. *Sal.* Nay tis more;
A tempting of your fortune. *Her.* Be content,
Mother and Sister, nothing alters me;
Nor doe they loue me, that would draw my will
To any other compasse: *Ieseph*, to you

I leaue the Realmes protection, and the care
Of building vp the Temple: Nay, no teares,
They prophesie my death, which doe but shew
A low dejected countnance; if I haue
Power in your hearts, this day I challenge you
To giue them vnto pastime, that the world
May see, we dread not fortune.

Antip. Tis resolu'd;
And Ile be first to shew obedience.

*The women
weepe.*

Sir,

Herod and Antipater.

Sir, 'twixt my Princely Brothers and my selfe,
I've made a match of Swimming, if you please
But to allow the Contract. *Her.* How is't made?

Antip. That I and th'high Priest *Aristobulus*,
Will swim more swift, more comely, and more wayes,
Then can my Princely Brothers. *Her.* Are all agreed?

Eld. Arist. All, if your Maiesty consent thereto.

Her. For those young men it skils not; But Sir, you,
I'm curious of your danger. *Ant.* There's no feare.

P. Alex. Tis a braue recreation. *Y. Arist.* A fit skill
For Princes to delight in. *Eld. Arist.* Gracious Sir,
Let me consort my Brothers. *Her.* Be your will
Your owne director; I am satisfied.

All. Why tis a match then.

Her. Yet looke well to your safeties; for my selfe,
Rhodes is mine object; Dearest Loue, farewell;
This kisse seale my remembrance; Mothers, let
Your onely prayers assist me; for the rest,
Despaire not till my downfall; goe, away,
Reply not, if you loue me; only *Antipater*, *Exe. all but He-*
Stay and attend me further. Princely youth, *rod and Antip.*
Of all the hopes that doe attend my life,
Thy Greatnesse is my greatest; nor would I *Ioseph returnes*
Imbarque me in this desperate vessell thus, *and listens.*
Wer't not to raise thy fortunes: But tis now
No time for Courtship; onely, I must leaue
Two sad commandments with thee. *Ant.* Speak them Sir,

Without exception, you cannot deuise

What Ile not execute. *Her.* Tis nobly said:

Thou seest the high Priest *Aristobulus*,

And knowst how like a heavy waight he hangs,

Pressing our fortunes downeward; if hee liue

Our liues haue no assurance. *Ant.* Tis resolu'd,

Hee neuer sees to morrow; soone at night,

When we doe swim our wager, Ile so teach

His Holinesse to diue, that on the earth

He nere shall tread to hurt vs. *Her.* Thou hast hit

The object that I lookt at. *Ios.* (But shot wide

The true Tragedy of

Of goodnes, and all good thoughts.) *Her.* This perform'd,
There yet remains another thing to doe,
Which neerer lieth doth concerne me. *Ant.* Speake it Sir;
Your pleasure is mine Armour. *Her.* Briefly thus,
If through my fortune, or *Augustus* wrath,
I perish in this Iourney; by that loue,
Which nature, fauour, or my best deserts
Can kindle in thy bosome; I coniure
And binde thee on the first intelligence,
By poyson, sword, or any violent meanes,
To kill my Wife *Marriam*; let no man
But *Herod* tast her sweetnesse; which perform'd,
My soule in death shall loue thee. *Ant.* Thinke tis done;
By heauen the houre which tells me of your death,
Is th'oure of her destruction; I haue sworne,
And there's no fate can change me. *Her.* Be thy selfe,
Constant and vnremoued; so farewell.

Ios. Two fiends like these were neuer spit from Hell.

Exeunt Herod and Ioseph seuerally.

Ant. Goe *Herod*, happy King; nay *Herod*, goe,
Vnhappy, cause so happy; happy King,
Whilst thou art a King; vnhappy when no King:
Hangs then mishap or hap vpon a King, or no King?
Then *Herod*, be no King; *Antipater* be King:
And what's a King? a God: and what are Gods, but Kings?
Ioue, Prince of Gods, was petty King of paltry *Crete*;
Men subiect are to Kings and Gods; but of the twaine,
Their Gods than Kings commands, they rather disobay;
Kings greater then; nay, better then, then Gods:
Then but a King or God, naught with *Antipater*;
And rather King then God; no God; a King, a King.
When I complaine to *Eccho* but head-aking; it cries, a King:
When I, in mirth, am musique making; it sounds, a King:
Each sight, when I am waking; presents a King:
When I my rest am taking; I see a King.
Last night I saw, or seem'd to see; nay, sure I saw
A Crown hang ore my head; & through the Crown a Sword:
I saw, I sigh'd, I cryed, O when? O when?

Fall

Herod and Antipater.

Fall Crowne ; yea fall with Sword ; fall both, so one may fall ;
But why dreame I of falling, that must rise ;
Nay runne, nay leape, nay flie vnto a Crowne ?
Gyants heape hills on hills, to scale high Heauen ;
I, heads on heads, to climbe a Kingdomes Skye :
But oh, I am a Sonne ; a Sunne, O happy name ;
A Sunne must shine alone, obscuring Moone, and Starres :
I, but I am a Bastard ; what of that ?
Men base by birth, in worth are seldome base ;
And Natures Out-casts, still are Fortunes Darlings :
Bacchus, Apollo, Mercury ; Bastards, yet brauest Gods :
Then, why not I a God, a Demi-God, or Worthy ?
You Gods, you Demi-Gods, you Worthies then assist me ;
That, as our birth was like, our worth may beare like price :
If they refuse ; come Deuils, and befriend me ;
My breast lies open ; come ; come Furies and possesse it ;
Hatch heere some monstrous brood, worthy of you and me ;
Which all Posterities may know, but none beleuee ;
Whereat the Sunne may not goe backe, as once it did,
At *Atreus* tyrannie ; but fall and dye for euer : (ble ;
Whereat the Heau'ns may quake, Hell blush, & Nature trem-
And men (halfe mad) may stand amaz'd. So, so, it works, it
My breast swels to a Mountaine ; and I breed (works ;
A Monster, past description ; to whose birth,
Come Furies, and bee Mid-wiues. Harke ! O harke !

Dumbe Shew.

Musique : and, Enter *Egystus* and *Clitemnestra* dancing a *Cur-
ranto*, which is broken off by the sound of *Trumpets* : then, enter
Agamemnon, and diuers Noblemen in Triumph : *Egystus*
whispers with *Clitemnestra*, and deliuer her a sleeuelesse shirt ;
then slips aside : *Clitemnestra* imbraces *Agamemnon*, he dis-
misses his Trainee ; shee offers him the shirt, he offers to put it on,
and being intangled, *Egystus* and shee kills him ; then departs,
leaving at *Antipaters* feete two *Scrowles* of paper.

Ant. So shall it be ; shall it ? no shall ; tis done, dispatch :
Who can resolute, can doe ; who can dispose, can better :
My way, seauen single persons, and two houses crosse ;
Supported by a many headed beast :

The true Tragedy of

O, had they all one head, or all their heads one necke,
Or all their necks one body, which one blow might broach;
But had they *Hydra's* heads, *Gerions* bodies; *Hercules*,
By making them away, would make his way to Heauen:
But as an hunger-starued Tyger, betweene two Heifers,
Here yawnes, there gapes, in doubt where first to fasten;
So doubt I where to set my pawes, but care not where;
My Father shall be first, that order be obseru'd;
Whose death I wish, not worke, lest piety be wanting;
Rome will I hope ease me of that disturbance:
Herod is come *Augustus*, friend to thy foe, and so thy foe;
Keep him *Augustus*, nay kill him *Augustus*, or *Ioue* kill him &
Passe he by Land or Sea, or Hell, or vnder Heauen: (thee;
O Earth; food vnto him, or none, or noysome giue:
O Sea; his ships or sinke in sands, or drinke in waues:
O Heauen; or stop his breath, or lend contagious breath:
O Hell; for kindnesse, call him in thy wombe: In summe,
Gape Earth, swell Seas, fall Heauen, Hell swallow him:
But, let me see; what say my hellish Counsellors?
Egyptus wooes, and winnes, and weares a Crowne: a Queene
Receiues with loue (false loue) the Victor King; vnarm'd,
She cloaths him in her handi-worke, a shirt,
Which had no head or armes to issue out;
Intangled thus they slew him: let me see,
What haue they left? thus *Clitemnestra* writes;
Per scelera semper sceleribus tutum est iter;
Fond is the stay of sinne; sinne safest way to sinne;
Egyptus leaues this axiome;
Nec regna scotum ferre, nec tecta sciunt;
None, or alone; Kings can indure no Riuals;
I vnderstand you well; and so will worke;
Whetting against my Father both his Wife,
His Sister and her Husband; some by Feare,
Some by Belcefe, and some by Iealousie:
Thus rise I on their heads, and with their hands
Rip vp their naturall Bowels: Tis decreed,
The Plot is laid, Parts must bee playd,
No time delaid.

Exit.

Enter

Herod and Antipater.

Enter Lime the Mason, Handsaw the Carpenter, and Dure the Labourer.

Han. Tis a good handsome Plot, and full of Art;
But how like you my Modell for the Timber-worke?

Lim. Pretty, pretty, if the seates be not too spacious.

Dur. O, tis much the better, and fitter for the Scribes & Pharisies to sleepe vpon: but here comes the Lord *Ioseph*.

Enter Ioseph.

Ios. Well said my maisters, and how mountech the braue Temple? may a man stand on the top of it and orelooke the Sunne?

Han. The Sunne is very high Sir; yet there is neuer an Almanacke-maker, but may lie on his backe and behold *Capricorne*.

Ios. Tut, any foolish Citizen may doe that which hath his wife for his maister: but stay; what's hee?

Enter Achitophel & Disease, with a Banner full of ruptures.

Ach. Come away *Disease*, and hang vp these my trophees,
Whilst I with gentle ayre, beat vpon the eares of passengers.

Dis. At hand Sir, and heere is your Ensigne; as for your Drugges, there is not one of them but is able to send a man to God or the Diuell in an instant. *Achitophel sings.*

ACH. Come will you buy, for I haue heere
The rarest Gummes that euer were;
Gold is but drosse and Features dye,
Els *Æsculapins* tels a lie:

But I,

*Come will you buy,
Haue Medicines for that Maladie.*

Ios. What's hee?

Lim. O Sir, it is one that vnder takes to know more Simples, then euer grew in Paradise; tis *Rabbi Achitophel*.

Ios. What, the famous Mountebanke?

Dur. The same Sir.

Achitophel sings.

ACH. Is there a Lady in this place,
Would not bee mask't, but for her face;

The true Tragedy of

O doe not blush, for heere is that
Will make your pale cheekes plumpe and fat.

Then why
Should I thus crye,
And none a Scruple of mee buye.

Ios. Reuerend Iew; I heare y^e are fam'd for many rarities;
As Sculpture, Painting, and the setting forth
Of many things that are inscrutable;
Besides you are a learned rare Physitian.

Ach. I know as much as ere *Sambashan* did,
That was old *Adams* Schoolmaister; for, look you Sir: *Sings.*

Heere is a rare Mercurian Pill,
An Anodine helps euery ill;
The Dissenterea, and the Gent,
And cures the sniueling in the Snout.

The Sicke,
Or any Cricke,
Straight cures this Diaphoreticke.

Ios. I shall haue imployment for you.

Ach. The Iew is all your Creature, and his skill
Hee'l willingly bestow vpon your gooduesse.

Ios. O Sir, you shall not.

Dis. Yes Sir, my Maister will willingly giue you his skill;
Yet, with this *Memorandum*, you must pay for his good will.

Ios. I am no niggard, Sir.

Dis. Besides, my Lord, there's neuer a Pibble in *Iordan*, but
my Maister is able to make the Philosophers Stone of it.

Dur. O wonderfull! as how I pray you Sir?

Dis. Why by extraction, solution, reuerberation, coagu-
lation, fixation, viuiuation, mortification, & *multa alia*.

Ach. Peace knaue, I say, these pearls must not feed Porkets.

Han. How, doe you make Swine of vs? I tell you we are
as arrand Iewes as your selfe.

Ios. No more, y^e are all for mine imployment; you for stone,
You for Painting, you for Timber-worke;
No man shall want his merit: Goe, away,

Apply

Herod and Antipater.

Apply your labours, there's a largesse for you.

All. O braue Lord Ioseph.

Sings.

A Ch. Come to me Gallants you whose need,
The common Surgeons cannot reede;
Heere is a Balme will cure all sores,
Got in Broyles, or vnwholsome whores.

Come away,

For why the day,

Is past, and heere I cannot stay. *Exc.* all but Ioseph.

Enter Alexandra & Marriam, Antipater & Salumith aloft.

Q. Alex. O cease my Marriam, teares can doe no good;
This Murder's past example; to be drownd,
Drownd in a shallow murmure where the stones
Chid the faint water for not couering them.
O, 'twas a plot beyond the Diuell sure;
Man could not haue that mallice. *Mar.* Madam yes,
And 'twas some great one too that had his fist
Thrust in the blood of *Aristobulus*.

Q. Ale. For which blood Ile haue vengeance, & my tears
Shall neuer drye till it bee perfited.

Ios. Madam, forbear complaining; would this were
The worst of Mischiefs iourney. *Mar.* Know you worse?

Ios. I dare not speake my knowledge, though my heart
Leapes twixt my lips to vtter Mysteries.

Antip. Note you that *Salumith*?

Sal. Yes, it hath pincht her on the petticoate.

Mar. Sir, as y'are noble, whatsoere you know
Of these mishaps, with freedome vtter it. *Q. Al.* Vtter it;
For Heau'ns sake vtter it, noble, worthy Lord.

Ios. Madam, I dare not.

Mar. As you loue vertue speake it; let my teares
Winne so much from thy goodnesse; noble Sir,
Soule of thy Generation, thou honestest mongst men:
O speake it, speake it. *Ant.* Note you this Courtship?

Sal. Yes, tis Sorcery.

Q. Alex. Good Sweete, vnlocke these counsels.

D

Mar. By

The true Tragedy of

Mar. By all the bonds of Chastity and truth,
It shall proceede no further. *Ios.* You haue laid
Such strong Commandments on me I must yeeld:
Harke, your eares. *Whispers.*

Antip. Are they not kissing Madam?

Sal. Yes; may poyson flow betweene them.

Q. Alex. *Antipater*; he drowne him!

Ios. Nay, be still; you shall heare greater mischief.

Mar. Poyson me, if he perish! O you Gods,
What Treason lurkes in Greatnesse; this hath made
Wounds in my heart, through which his loue and name,
Is fled from me for euer! *Ios.* Tis a fault

Which asks your deepest wisdom: come, let's in;

Ile tell you stranger Stories.

Q. Alex. Yet I feare,
None that can draw more vengeance or despaire. *Exeunt.*

Antip. Awaken Madam, they are vanished.

Sal. Not from mine outrage, that shall like a storme
Follow them and confound them; I will make
The world in blood, text downe my crueltie.

Ant. I cannot blame you, tis strange impudence.

Sal. Ile be reueng'd; by all my hopes I will,
Highly and deeply; shallow foole, no more;
Still waters drowne, the shallow doe but roare. *Exit Sal.*

Ant. Ile not be farre behinde, but helpe to send
All vnto hell; tis for a Crowne I stand,
And Crownes are oft the ruines of a Land. *Ex. Ant.*

Enter Augustus, Decius, Lucullus, and Attendants.

Aug. Thus haue we queld Rebellion; thus (like smoke)
Vanishes hence the name of *Anthony*:

Only some Props remaine yet; which Ile rend
Vp by the roots and scatter: amongst which
Vngratefull *Herod* is a Principall;

On whom Ile shower my vengeance. *Enter Mutius.*

Mut. Gracious Sir; the King of *Iuda*, like a Supplicant,
Desires access vnto your Maiestie. *Aug.* Who, *Herod*?

Mut. Sir, the same.

Aug. Tis a strange ouer-daring.

Luc. An attempt wisdom would hardly runne to.

Aug. Call him in;

Herod and Antipater.

Hee dares not come to braue vs ; *Rome* hath power
To shake a stronger building ; and his feares
Are glasse of his danger : no man looke
On *Juda*, but with hatred. *Enter Herod.*

Her. Mighty Sir ; to you, as him of whom I first receiu'd.
The Crowne of *Juda*, humbly I returne it ;
And thus arise. Know now (the great'st' mongst men)
Tis not for Life I plead, but Honesty,
For Vertue, Valour, Honour, Prowesse, Grace,
And all good mens acquaintance : I confesse,
I ayded *Anthony* ; if for that I fall,
A true friends teares shall bee my Funerall.

Luc. Tis a rare Gratulation. *Dec.* I'm affraid
New feare will alter it. *Mus.* Obserue the Emperour.

Her. Tis true (great Sir) your sacred hand was first
Inuested mee in *Juda* ; gaue mee that
I can forsake with comfort : keepe it still ;
Who from a Crowne is rid, is free from cares ;
I prize the worth, lesse then two flaxine teares.

Aug. This is a kinde of brauing. *Her.* Heare me forth ;
And when y'au'e heard ; this, for extremitie :
Since first the time I wore the sorrowfull Wreath,
(For Crownes and Sorrowes are incorporate,
And hang like linkes, one wreathed in another)
Since first the Crowne I wore, you knew my grieues ;
But nere relieu'd me by Person or by Deputy ;
No, not when *Asia* and the *Affricke* strands
Ioyn'd both to ouer-throw me : onely, then
The euer-prais'd (now lost) *Marke Anthony*
Thrust forth his hand and staid me ; he kept firme
My foote that then was sliding ; I, for this,
Sent him not ayde, but rent long purchased.
O (gracious Sir) view mine oblidge ments well,
And you shall see vertue did gouerne me.
Why, did his life yet lie within my hands,
Thus would I straddle ore him as I stand ;
Mine armes disseuer'd like two Rhodian Props ;
And ere I bent, my Trunke should be the Base

The true Tragedy of

For his dread foes to build Ambition on:
This would I doe; and, if this bee a Crime,
It is so good an one, I scorne my breath:
Who liues the liues the longest still must end in death;
And so must I.

Aug. Thou art thine owne Iudge *Herod*: call a Slaue,
A desperate Slaue; 'mongst all our Prisoners, *Exit Mur.*
Chuse him that hath least mercy: you shall finde,
Your Friendship had a false grownd. *Enter Mur. & a Slaue.*

Her. *Cesar*, no; Vertue was the foundation, and you may
Batter, but not orethrow it. *Aug.* Well Ile try
The vtmost of your fortitude: arme that Slaue;
And Sirrah, kill that Traytor; tis a worke
That brings you home your Freedome.

1. Sla. Gracious Sir, what is he I must murder?

Aug. Tis a King. *1. Sla.* Ha!

Dec. Villaine, why star'st thou? Strike, I say, you Slaue.

1. Sl. Slaue, Ile not strike; knowst thou or he, or he, or *Cesar*
What tis to bee a Murderer; nay, more,
The Murderer of a King; nay, most of all,
To murder God himselfe; (for such are Kings:)
O you dull bloody Romans; see, in's eyes
Are thousands of arm'd arm'd Angels; and each Ray
A flame of Lightning ready to deuoure
The hand thats lift gainst sacred Maiesty.

Cesar, I'm no Italian; though thy Slaue,
I will not be thy Diuell; those are bred
Ith' Shambles, let them Butcher; fetch for this
Some from the Roman Gallies; for they are
Hangmen that must performe it; and thou lookst
Like one: goe, take the Office, Ile not doo it.

Aug. The Slaue's affraid to strike him; timerous Coward:
Call another. *Exit Mutius.*

1. Sla. Timerous! *Cesar*, no:
Were I to scale a Tower, or sacke a Towne,
I'de doo't; although the ruines fell like Quarries on me:
Timerous! I neare fear'd Mankinde; *Cesar*, know,
Nor earth nor Hell hath ought that can affright me:

Herod and Antipater.

I've buckled with proud *Julius* thine Vncle, and was one
That, by expulsion, beate him from bright *Albion*:

And yet to kill a King, I'm timerous. *Ent. Mut. & 2. Sla.*

Aug. Let that Slaue haue the weapon: Sirrah, kill
That King, and haue thy freedome: wilt thou doo't?

2. Sla. Yes, for my liberty,
As soone as you can speake it: Shall I strike?

Aug. Stay, what's thy Country?

2. Sla. *Rome, Rome*; I was bred in one of those Colledges
where Letchery and Murder are Pue-mates: Come, will
you giue the word? *Her.* Doe not deferre it *Cesar*,
I haue made peace with my Conscience long since.

Aug. Why then strike.

Yet Villaine hold; art not amaz'd to doo't?

2. Sla. Amaz'd, why?

To strike off these my shackles, such a blow
I would giue to my Father. *Aug.* But a worse
Shall fall vpon thy Carcasse: binde that Slaue,
And throw him headlong downe into the Sea;
The earth's too much infected. — *Herod*, thus
Mine armes giues thee thy freedome: take thy Crowne;
Weare it with safety; and but be to mee
Faithfull; Ile loue thee as did *Anthony*.

Her. *Cesar* is royall; and, by this, hath bound
A faithfull Seruant to him.

Aug. For that wretch,
Giue him his liberty; since th'ast seru'd
Vertue, thou shalt serue *Cesar*; henceforth be
Commander ore a Legion: Those that know
Goodnesse; by Goodnesse euer greater grow.

2. Sla. *Cesar's* a God in all things. *Exeunt omnes.*

Finis Actus prima.

Act. 2. Scœna 1.

*Enter at one Dore Marriam and Alexandra; at another
Kisparim and Salumith, they meete and passe disdainfully.*

Kip. Lord how their poyson fwels them.

Sal. Sure they'l burst, if this strong Chollicke hold them.

The true Tragedy of

Mar. Mother, withdraw ; the Greeke begins to scold.

Sal. And why to scold, proud Madame ?

Mar. Nay, I want a tongue for your encounter.

Kip. Yet this thing,

Of which thou art deriued, ought to know
Shee owes me some obeysance ; though she was
Mother to him that wore the Crowne, I am
Mother to him that weares it.

Sal. Tut, pride loues not to distinguish : goodly Lord,
not so much as how doe you forsooth ; (euery foolish Citi-
zens salutation ;) nor haile to the Sister of my Lord the King,
(euery Court-Coxcombes Congee ;) nor saue you sweet
Lady, (Fooles and Physitians Orizons)

Mar. How this shewes.

Kip. It shewes that you are insolent.

Q. Alex. Insolent : hugge it sweetly, tis your owne ;
And euery sinne besides that's damnable :

Come, y'are despised Grecians ; so prophane,
Ignoble and vnholly, that our Tribes

Are staine in your coniunctions ; poore things, know,
Your titular King, in whom your glories dwell,

Is but a royall murderer ; your selues,

And his proud Bastard, bloody Substitutes :

O, I could paint you brauely ; for my grienes

Haue all your perfect colours.

Sal. Come I could
Make you runne dog-like backe, and from the ground
Licke vp the filth you vtterd.

Mar. Neuer sure ;
Sheele leaue it where she found it.

Sal. Yes, and you
Leaue vertue where you found it ; harke you Queene,
You are vnchast, and most incontinent.

Mar. Incontinent : with whom ?

Sal. His picture lies within you ; plucke it out,
And let your false heart follow.

Mar. It is Truths part to suffer ; so must I.

Sal. Vengeance vpon such sufferance.

Q. Alex. Come, y'are a barbarous Creature.

Kip. Base Edomite.

Q. Alex. Slanderous Grecian.

Sal. Old Beldame.

Q. Alex. Young Cocatrice.

Kip.

Herod and Antipater.

Kip. S'death, I could teare thine eyes out. *Enter Antip.*

Q. Alex. Do but (This) that motion shall destroy thee.

Sal. Marry mew.

Ant. Hold in the name of Verue ; heere's a braule
Able to inflame patience: Beaurious Queene,
Diuineſt *Alexandra* ; what can moue
Theſe ſtormes in this calme weather. *Mar.* Flattering Sir,
You beſt can cloſe vp miſchiefe. *Ant.* If I may,

Ile lay my life a ſubiect to your mercies ;
Make me your footſtooles to appeaſe your wrathes ;
My blood Ile make your ſacrifice. *Q. Alex.* No more ;
I that but now ſhed teares, now laugh : O God !

To ſee ſo braue a Maiſter-piece of Villany
By ſuch a Baſtard Iſſue bee compacted :
Thou make attonement ? Hence Baſtard, hence ;
The dregges of Luſt, the foule Diſeaſe of Wine,
That wert begot when ſinne was reuelling :
Thou make attonement ? No ; goe learne to drowne
The Lords elected people ; heere ſtands ſhee
That lookes to taſt thy poyſon. *Ant.* Miracles !

Wreſt not my good thoughts (Madam) for I call
Juſt Heauen to witneſſe how I lou'd your Sonne ;
And would my ſelfe haue dyed to ranſome him ;
But your miſpriſion I impute to heate

And Chollericke ſpleene, which now miſgouernes you.

Kip. Nay, you ſhould thanke her for abuſing you ;
Wee are become her vaffals. *Ant.* Thinke not ſo.

Sal. Yes, and cry vengeance for it ; wicked one,
There's wier whips in making, and I know
Furies will ſoundly laſh you ; you, and you ;
Both are markt out to periſh ; faith you are. *Enter Joſeph.*

Joſ. How now ; what means this outrage ? Peace for ſhame ;
This talke fits Stewes and Brothels : Come, no more ;
Mother, your iudgement ſhould be farre more wiſe ;
And Madam, you ſhould be more temperate :
At Princes hands, all iniuries ſhould looke
Not for reuenge but patience.

Kip. Thou which art made of Cowardiſe and feare ;

Doſt.

The true Tragædy of

Dost thou confirme their actions? *Sal.* Yes, tis fit;
Lust still must flatter fallshood.

Ios. Ha; what's that? why Wife —

Sal. Call me not Wife;

The sound of death hath farre more Musique in it:
Wife? O, my fate! Wife vnto such a Letcher?

Ios. Why *Salumith*.

Sal. Ile be no *Salumith* of thine, ther'es your Loue;
She whom you foster in her insolencies;
Shee's your *Salumith*: O crudulous women,
How easily are you guld, with a seducing kisse!

Ant. Now it workes.

Sal. A faire word makes the Diuell seeme a Saint;
But Ile be reueng'd, and in so strange a course
As neuer woman tooke. D'yece perpetrate my goodnes?
There's your *Salumith*. *Ant.* Admirable still.

Kip. And there's th'old Hen her Mother,
A couple of season'd dishes, fall too, fall too.

Ant. Nay Madam, y'are too bitter.

Ios. By Heauen & happines, I know not what this meanes;
Yet were the King not sodainly return'd,
And crau'd our swift attendance; I would sift
And try this language strangely.

Ant. Is the King return'd? *Ios.* He is, and safely.

Kip. Then my hate, Ile giue thee fire to worke on.

Sal. So will I; I'm arm'd with able mischief.

Ant. And my plots

Shall runne as fast to ayd and second you.

Ios. Ladies, shake hands with passion, and let's ioyne
To meete the King with royall cheerefulnesse.

Mar. Sir, not I;

Let them that loue their horror seeke it still:
Goodnesse I want, with him is all thats ill.

Q. Alex. You may report our speeches; say, our ioy
Is, we haue left no more he can destroy.

Exe. Q. Alex.

Ios. This is a violent passion.

& Marriam.

Ant. Let it rule;

Repentance needes must follow.

Enter

Herod and Antipater.

Enter Herod, P. Alex. T. Aristob. Pheroas, and Attendants.

Omnes. Welcome, O welcome to *Ierusalem*;
May Herod liue for euer fortunate.

Her. We thank you: Mother & Sister, rise; let no knee bow
But to the Gods of *Greece*; by whose support
Wee stand vnshakt and vnremou'd: but (me thinkes)
In this great vniuerfall Rhapsodie
Of comfort and amazement, I doe misse
Two faire companions of my happinesse:
Where is my louely *Marriam*? what withdrawes
Her Mother *Alexandra*? Sure, my heart
Lookt for their entertainment. *Ios.* Gracious Sir,
Th'vnfortunate destruction of her Sonne,
The high Priest *Aristobulus* (late drown'd
Within the Riuer *Rigill*) so takes vp
Their hearts with powerfull sorrow, that their minds
Are borne with nothing but calamity.

Her. That guest is soone remoued; goe, my Sonnes,
Informe your Grandmother and Mother-Queene,
How much I long to see them. *P. Alex.* Tis a worke
Worthy our duties. *Her. Ioseph*, goe, attend;
There's need of your assistance. *Ex. P. Alex. T. Ari. & Ios.*

Sal. Yes; and all I feare too weake to draw them:
Royall Sir, you are abus'd in your credulity;
It is not griefe but malice, bitter spleene,
An anger I may call Treason, which keepes backe
These two from noble duties: Sir, they say
You doe vsurpe, and are a Murderer,
And teach all yours to murder; that you are
No lawfull King of *Israel*; but a *Greeke*
Descended basely; drawne from polluted blood:
Prophane, vnholly; nay, (indeed) what not
That Rancor can imagine? Sir, I feare
Your life is plotted on; a wrath like theirs,
So lowd, so publique, nay so impudent;
Is not without assistance. *Ant.* Brauely vrg'd.

Her. Good Sister, thinke not so; a losse like theirs
Will make dumbe patience muteny; beleeu't,

It moues much in my ownè brest; as for plots,
 Alas, what can they dreame of? *Sal.* Desperate things.
 Things which may shake your foot-hold; for, I feare
 The Queene is turn'd an *Assis*, and will spread
 Her fatall poyson ore you; if you doate,
 The Lethargie will kill you: Sir, tis said,
 Nay, t'will be prou'd she is incontinent.

Her. Incontinent! with whom?

Sal. With him I blush to mention; *Ioseph* Sir,
Ioseph my Husband wrongs you. *Her.* Peace for shame;
 Your Iealousie doth foole you. *Kip.* Well, take heede

Affection doe not blinde you: tis a staine,
 Almost the whole world finds out; and a truth,

Not hidden, but apparant; pray you Sir,
 Speake you what is reported. *Ant.* Tis not fit,

Nor dare I credit Rumor, chiefly when
 It speakes of such great persons; yet tis true,
 Many vilde things are vtterd; nay indeed
 Some prou'd I wish were hidden: but alas,
 Who knowes not Slander's euer inpuident?

Sal. Doe not giue truth that title; for you know,
 It will be prou'd by many witnesses.

Her. That ielous Sister, and than such a fiend,
 There is no worse companion: come, no more;
 Should all the Prophets, Patriarchs, and Priests
 Lodg'd in the holy Bookes of Israel
 Come forth and tell this message, I would stand
 Boldly and interpose them; for I know,
 There is no truth to guard them; no nor faith.
 O my Diuine *Marriam*, how art thou
 And thy great sweetnesse iniur'd? Th'vnblowne Rose,
 The mines of Chrystall, nor the Diamond,
 Are halfe so chaste, so pure and innocent.
 O poore forsaken Vertue, how art thou
 Torne downe by thy despisers, and consum'd
 By th'enuious flame of the malicious?
 But I am come to guard thee, and restore
 Thy goodnesse backe with interest; for I vow

Herod and Antipater.

To heare naught but thy praises: heere shee comes;

Enter P. Alex. Y. Arist. Ioseph, Marriam, & Alexandra.

Welcome my dearest, sweetest, happiest,
All that my longings looke for; thus, and thus,
Like a rich Chaine, my loue shall hang about thee;
And make the whole world doe thee reuerence;
Nay weepe not Mother; come, I know your care,
And beare an equall burthen: heere, O heere
Is the true Tombe of *Aristobulus*.

Q. Alex. You can dissemble royally; but that
Cannot cure mine Impostume. *Her.* Say not so;
You must forget the worke of accident.

Q. Alex. Of accident? of plotted Massacre;
Murder beyond example: but there's left
A Hell to reckon with. *Her.* Good sweet, no more;
Let not your Iudgement wrong you to suspect
Mine Innocence vniustly; for, I vow,
Neuer came death so neare me; or did force
My teares in such aboundance; but you know,
Earth must not question Heauen: Yet to shew
My faire affection to your Princely Sonne;
Within an Vrne of Gold, Ile lodge his bones;
And to his Funerall Rites, adde such a Pompe,
As shall amaze Inuention; and besides,
There's not an eye in all *Ierusalem*,
But shall drop sorrow for him.

Q. Alex. Funerals are
But wretched satisfactions. *Kip.* Note this pride.

Sal. Yes, and her Daughters fullennesse.

Her. Why looks my louely *Marriam* downward, & deiects
The glory of her bright eye? I had thought
My safe returne (which strikes a generall ioy
Through *Iuda* and *Ierusalem*, and makes
Mount *Sion* so triumphant) had not had
The power to kill her comforts: Louely one;
How haue I lost thy friendship; or, what Fiend
Sends this Diuorce betwixt vs?

Mar. Your owne Dissimulation. Cruell Sir;
Y'auc dealt vniustly with me, and prophan'd

The true Tragedy of

A Temple held you sacred. *Her.* What, your selfe?
O doe not speake it; for to that blest Shrine
I haue beene so religious, that the world
Hath oft condemn'd me of Idolatry:

And can you then accuse me? *Mar.* Yes, and call
Your owne heart to be witnesse. *Her.* Let me then
Be stricke with fearefull Thunder. *Mar.* Sir, take heed;
Vengeance is quicke in falling. *Her.* Let it come:
You call a Loue in question, that's as iust
As Equity or Goodnesse; by that power——

Mar. Come, you will now be periur'd; but Ile stay
That imputation from you: What became
Of your affection, when you bound that man;
If you miscarried in your worke at *Rome*,
That he should see me poyson'd? Start you now?

O, twas a venom'd Complot. *Her.* Sir, a word:
Yare a faithlesse young man; and haue lost
The great hope I had in you. *Ant.* By my life,

Hopes, and all fruitfull wishes; I'm of this
As Innocent as Silence: if my lips

Ere open'd to relate it; let me feelee
Some sodaine fatall iudgement: Gracious Sir,
Search out this secret further, 'twill be found
There is more Treason breeding. *Her.* I'm resolu'd.

Madam, you haue accus'd me; and I stand
So strongly on mine owne truth, that you must
Discouer your Informers: 'By that loue
Once you did faine to beare me; by that faith
Which should linke married couples; by the awe,
Duty and truth of Women; or if these
Be cancel'd with you fury; yet by that
Great power your King hath ore you, and to shun
The scourge of Torments, which I sollemnly
Will try to the extreamest; heere I bind,
Nay, doe command you, that vnfaignedly
You tell me who inform'd you. *Mar.* You haue laid

So great Commandments on me, that I dare
In no wise disobey you. Sir, it was

Herod and Antipater.

Lord *Ioseph* that inform'd me. *Her.* Ha; *Ioseph*!
O my abused confidence! *Ans.* Now it workes.

Kip. The fire begins to kindle. *Sal.* But Ile bring
Fuell that shall inflame it.

Her. *Ioseph*? was't *Ioseph*? then tis time to feele
My cold dull vnbelieuing. *Ios.* O pardon me;
It was my loue, not malice. *Her.* No, your lust,
And you shall buy it dearly: Call a Guard. *Enter Ananias,*
Haue I for this so often lost my selfe *and a Guard.*

Within the Labyrinth of her wanton eyes;
And am I now repaid with Treachery:
Ceaze on those wretched Creatures; *Salumith,*
Stand forth, and what thy knowledge can approue
Against those Traytors, speake it; now mine eare
Lies open to my safety. *Ans.* Brauely speake,
You shall haue strong supporters; now his eare
Is open, see you fill it. *Sal.* Doubt me not.
Great Sir, with confidence as full of Truth,
As they are full of Treason; I auerre,
Theſe, in your absence, haue abus'd your bed,
With most incestuous foule Adultery.

Mar. All that's like goodnesse shield me.

Ios. Woman, looke vp;
The vault of Heauen is Marble; this vntruth
Will make it fall to kill thee. *Sal.* Let it come,
If I speake ought vniustly; all my words,
My blood and oath shall scale to.

Enter Antipater, Pheroras, and Achisophel.

Antip. Good, let my loue perswade thee; doe not buze
Such foule things in his eares; his Maiestie
Is too much mou'd already. *Phe.* Good my Lord,
Let me discharge my duty. *Ans.* Nay, for that,
I dare not to withstand; yet, questionlesse,
The Queene is not so wicked. —Goe, put home;
Yaue all things to assist you: —Sirrah Iew,
Forget not thy preferment. *Ach.* Feare me not.

Her. How now, what tumult's that?

Phe. O my dread Lord,

The true Tragedy of

Grant me your gracious pardon ; I must tell
A sad and heauy Story ; yet most true :
And yet 'gainst such a person, as I feare
Your eare will not receiue it. *Her.* Speake; 'gainst whom?

• *Phe.* Against the Queene.

Mar. O sacred Truth, but thee,
I haue nor sword, nor armour. *Her.* Vtter it.

Phe. Since your departure, to my hands she brought
This fatall Violl ; saying, *Pheoas*,
Thou art the Kings Cup-bearer ; by my loue
I charge thee, when his Maiesty shall call
For wine, giue him this Potion ; tis a draught
Shall crowne thee with great fortunes : I desir'd
To know the nature ; shee, with solemne oathes,
Swore it was nothing but a wholesome drinke,
Compounded with such Art ; that, tasting it,
You would doate of her beauty, and become
A very Slaue to her perfections :
I promis'd to performe it ; yet my feare
Arguing with my Iudgement, made me try
The vertue on a Spaniel ; and I found
It was an odious poyson. *Omnes.* Wonderfull !

Phe. After this triall, I demanded then,
From whom her Highnesse had it : she affirm'd,
From the Lord *Ioseph* ; but by stricter search,
I found this Jew was he compounded it.

Ach. I doe confesse the Queene of Israel
Commaned me to try my vtmost skill
In this most strong Confection ; said it was
To proue the force of Simples : I, her Slaue,
Durst not to disobay her ; yet suspect
Made me reueale it to this Noble-man.

Her. How answer you this Treason ? *Mar.* Silently.

Her. Thats a confession. *Mar.* Why, as good be dumbe,
As speake to eares are glewd vp ; or a faith
Thats arm'd against beleeuing : but (great Sir)
If either of these open ; then, beleeu't,
Was neuer wrong'd a greater innocence.

Herod and Antipater.

Ios. Malice hath wrought vpon vs, and oretane
Our guiltlesse liues with vengeance: Hell it selfe
Is not more false then these are; yet, I know,
Nothing can saue vs but a Miracle.

Her. The guilty euer plead thus; cursed chance,
To haue my Ioyes deuoure me: but, tis done;
Princes, your cares and Counsels. *Herod whispers with Ant.*

Q. Alex. Ha! is't so, *the Princes and Pheroas.*
Hath Mischiefe got the Conquest; then tis time
To change my disposition, and deceiue
Those, which would els'e deceiue me; in this kinde,
It skils not whom we iniure, whom we blinde.

P. Alex. Sir, of my life all this is counterfait,
And this great Diuell inchant's you; for these slaues,
They speake but what is taught them.

Y. Arist. On my life,
Our royall Mother's guiltlesse; doe not let
Their hatefull malice step betweene her life,
And your most gracious fauour. *Her.* Princely youths,
Nature and loue deceiues you: wretched things,
What can you say to stay destruction?

Mar. That w'are the Kings, and none are innocent,
Vnlesse he please to thinke so. *Q. Alex.* Impudent!
Is that all thou canst vtter? Haue I liu'd
To see thee grow thus odious, to forsake
The chaste imbracements of a royall bed,
For an incestuous Letcher; to become
The Peoples scorne, the honest Matrons curse,
The Tribes disgrace, and *Israels* obloquy;
Nay more, the whole worlds wonder, and a staine
Nere to be washt off from *Ierusalem*?

O mine afflicted honor! *Kip.* Heere's a change.

Sal. A Tempest neuer lookt for.

Q. Alex. Packe for shame,
Runne to thine owne destruction: What, a Whore?
A poysoning Whore? a bawdy Murderesse?
Nay, more; a treacherous Strumpet? O that Heauen
Had made mine anger Lightning, that it might

Destroy

The true Tragedy of

Destroy thee in a moment. *Mar.* Madam, stay ;
Can your true goodnesse thinke me culpable ?

Q. Alex. Is it not prou'd apparant ?

Mar. Then be dumbe,
Be dumbe for euer *Marriam* ; if you thinke
I can be guilty, who is innocent ?
Madam, you are my Mother ; O call vp
Your worst imaginations, all the scapes
Both of mine Infance, Childhood or ripe yeares,
And if the smallest shadow in them all
Betoken such an error, curse me still,
Let me finde death with horror ; otherwise,
Silence and patience helpe me. Sir, tis fit
You plead your owne cause ; I am conquered.

Ios. There's but one true Iudge ouer *Israel*,
And hee knowes I am guiltlesse. *Her.* Tis the Plea
Of euery guilty person : *Animis*,
Conuay those wicked creatures, with your Guard,
Vnto the market-place, and there in sight
Of all the people, cause the Hangman take
Their curst head from their bodies.

P. Alex. Stay, great Sir,
Doe not an act t'amaze all *Israel* ;
O looke with mercies eyes vpon the Queene ;
The Innocent Queene our Mother ; let not Slaues
Blast her with false reproches ; be a God
And finde out Truth by Miracle. *Her.* No more.

Y. Arist. No more ? yes sure, if euery word I speake
Should naile me to destruction : Mighty Sir,
Fauour your owne repentance, doe not spill
The innocent blood vniustly ; for th'account
Is heauy as damnation : to your selfe,
And to your owne, become a *Daniel*.

Her. Ile heare no more.

P. Alex. O sacred Sir, you must ;
Vpon my knees I begge compassion ;
Compassion for my Mother. *Y. Arist.* To this ground
Weele grow eternally ; till you vouchsafe

Herod and Antipater.

To grant her mercy ; or to giue her Cause
A larger course of tryall. *Her.* Once againe,
I charge you to forget her. *P. Alex.* How, forget
The chaste wombe which did beare vs ; or the paps
Which gaue vs sucke ? Can there in Nature be
A Lethargie so frozen ? *Y. Arist.* Nay, what's more ;
Can we forget her holy Stocke, deriu'd
From all the blessed Patriarchs, in whom
You and our selues are glorious ? O, dread Sir,
Haue mercy on her goodnesse. *P. Alex.* Mercy, Sir.

Her. How am I vext with importunity ;
Away to Execution: if againe
I doe command tis fatall. *Y. Arist.* And if we
Indure it, let vs perish ; brother draw, *The Princes draw.*
And let our good swords guard her : Sir, y'au'e broke
A linke in Natures best chaine ; and her death,
Conuerts vs to your mortall enemies.

Her. What ; am I braud by Traitors ? Villaines, force
Way to the Execution, or you perish. (you.

P. Alex. Mother, hold life but one houre and wee'l rescue
*The Princes force through the guard ; Antipater drawes & stands
before Herod ; all the rest conuey away the Prisoners ;
Alexandra wringing her hands.*

Did euer Kings owne bowels thus become
The Typhon of sedition ; or, can't be,
I could beget these Serpents ? Ist be so
Vnder the *Aetna* of their damned pride,
Ile smother and consume them. *Ant.* Sir, I know
Your wisdome such, as can discerne what tis
At once to feare, to suffer, and to dye,
By th'hand of sterne ambition ; which, ith' end,
Makes still her habitation like the place
Where poyson growes, so naked and so bare
That dust disdaines t'abide there. *Her.* Passing true ;
But Ile root out that vengeance ; yet againe,
When I awake my memory, to looke
Vpon her sweetnesse, goodnesse, and conceiue,
That no affaire, no wisdome, or fond zeale,

Which oft attainteth others, could touch her ;
O then, me thinkes, I might at least haue breath'd,
Before I had condemn'd her ; Iustice should
Ith darke of these confusions, borne a Torch
Before Truth and mine anger : but alas,
Folly and Rashnesse led me ; and I'ue lost
All my delight at one throw. *Antipater,*
Goe, runne, flye ; O, stay the Execution.

Ant. Willingly. Yet please you first to thinke
Whether the act hurt not your Maiestie ;
Kings, in these waighty causes, must not play
At fast and loose ; their wordes are Oracles ;
And iudgement should pursue them.

Her. Good, no more ; goe stay the Execution.

Ant. Not on earth is there a man more willing ;
Yet, when Kings condemne themselues of rashnesse,
Who can blame contempt to follow after ?

Her. Lord to see how time is lost with talking.

Antip. I am gone.

Offers to goe and returns.

Yet Sir, beleeu't ; the Maiesty which strikes
Against contempt shall nere recouer it.

Her. Yet againe.

Ant. Sir, I can vanish quickly ; yet, behold,
Heere's one can saue my labour.

Enter Phereas.

Her. Speake my Lord ; where is my Queene ?
O, where's my *Marriam* ? *Phe.* Sir, she is dead.

Her. Dead ? Be the world dead with her ; for on earth
There's no life but her glory : yet declare
How dyed the wofull Lady ? *Phe.* Like a Saint.

Like did I say ? O Sir, so farre beyond,
That neuer Saint came neere her president :
She did not goe, as one that had beene led
To take a violent parting ; but as Fate
Had in her owne hands thrust her Destiny,
Saying, or liue or dye : whilst she, that knew
The one and th'others goodnesse, did agree
Onely to dye as th'act most excellent.

Her Mothers bitter railings, all the cries

Herod and Antipater.

Of the amazed People, mou'd not her;
No not one poore small twinckle of her eye:
But, with a constancie, that would outface
The brazen front of terror; she ascends
Vp to the farall Scaffold; and but once
Lookt round about the people: then lifts vp
Her snow-white hands to Heauen;
Talkes to it as if she had beene in it: then fells downe
Vpon her humble knees; which, as they bent,
You might behold humility retire
Downe to her heart; and left within her eyes
Nothing but sweetnesse flaming: whilst vpon
And round about her, Maiestie did hang,
And cloath her as a garment: to be brieft,
Shee tooke the stroke, not as a punishment;
But a reward; so Saint-like hence she went.

Her. Enough, too much; th'ast slaine me *Pheonias*;
O, I haue lost in her death more true ioyes,
Then Heauen can giue or, earth is worthy of:
I am a Traitor to my selfe and loue;
To Nature, Vertue, Beauty, Excellence;
I haue destroy'd the whole world; for but her,
It had no Soule, nor mouing; no delight,
No triumph, glory, or continuance:
I cannot liue to lose her; call her backe,
Or I shall dye complaining. *Ant.* This is strange
Can the dead be awaken'd? *Her.* Easily Sir,
My sighes shall breath life in her; and my voyce
Rouze her, as doth a Trumpet; nay, more lou'd
Then either winde or Thunder: canst thou thinke
That I can liue without her; she, to whom
The whole world was a Theater, where men
Sat viewing her good actions; she, that had
As much right vnto Paradise, as Kings
Haue to their Courts and Kingdomes; shee that lent
Mintage to others beauties; for, none are
Or good, or faire, but such as lookt like her:
Shee, in whose body sweetly was contain'd

The true Tragedy of

Th' Easterne Spicery, the Westerne treasure,
And all the world holds happy: may it be
That I can liue and want her? or, could I
With one sad breath destroy her? she, that had
(In her owne thoughts) read all that ere was writ,
To better, or instruct vs: Shee, that knew
Heauen so well on Earth; that, being there,
Shee finds no more then she did thinke on heere;
And haue I kild her? She, whose very dreames
Were more deuout then our Petitions;
Haue I prophan'd that Temple? Fall, O fall
Downe to the ground and perish; nere looke vp,
But when or Blastings, Mildewes, Lightenings,
Or poysonous Serenes strike thee. *Herod*, heere,
O heere, digge vp thy graue with sorrow.

Ant. Fie, tis vnfit Greatnesse should yeeld to passion.

Her. Y'are a foole;

He that not mournes for her, will neuer mourne;
But is worse then the Diuell. *Marriam*,
O *Marriam*; thou that through the Spheares
(As through so many golden Beads) hast runne,
In one poore moment, to felicity;
Looke downe vpon thy Vassall, methy Slaue,
And see how much I languish: let thine eye
Guild my complaints, and cheere my misery.

Phe. O royall Sir, take better comfort;
There was nere on Earth a Creature worth your sorrow.

Her. Sir, you lie; deadly and falsly; for she doth deserue
The teares of men and Angels: Shee, O shee,
Of whom the Ancients prophesied, when first
They made all Vertues Females; She, that was
The first and best faire Copie, from whose lines
The world might draw perfection: She, not worth
The teares of all thats liuing? Dulnesse, goe;
Packe from my sight for euer: O, 'twas thou,
Thou that didst make me kill her: hence, auant;
By all that's good or holy; if, from hence
Thou ere presume to see me, or come neere.

Herod and Antipater.

The place of my abiding; 'tis thy death,
As certaine as Fate spoke it.

Phe. O my Lord.

Her. Away; reply, and I will kill thee.

Ant. Do not offend him further; vanish Sir. *Exit Pheoas.*

Enter Animsis.

Ani. To Armes my Lord, to Armes: your Princely Sonnes,
Attended by the people, stand betweene
The Towne of *Bethlem* and *Ierusalem*;
Their Ensignes spread, their Bowes bent, and their Swords
Wauing like wings of Eagles: Sir, they vow
Reuenge for their Mothers death.

Her. On whom?

On you, the Citty; but especially,
Vpon the Prince *Antipater*. *Her.* No more,
Th'are angry surges, which with one poore blast,
Ile make fall to the Center; troubled thoughts,
Rest till this storme be ouer: happy man,
Ile make thee tread vpon them; this day shall
Be thy Coronation; but their Funerall. *Exe. all but Ant.*

Ant. I was a braue Lesson that *Egyptus* taught,
And *Clstemnestra* writ religiously:
Sinne / a safe way to sinne; None or alone; both excellent.
Yet *Herod* liues vnwrong'd and vnremou'd.
The Sonnes of *Oedipus*, in life, nor after death,
Agreed but once; which was, t'imprison *Oedipus*;
An act of no small wonder: O, but Boyes,
Ile mount a world aboue you; t'imprison, is
Still to haue danger neere me: tut, tis death,
Death that my ayines doe shoote at: Ile inuent
What none shall alter: fie, tis nothing worth,
By Worth, by Birth, by Choyce, by Chance to bee a King;
But so to climbe I chooise, as all may feare and wonder;
Feare to attempt the like, and wonder how I wrought it;
Curst be he (in this case) that craues his Fathers blessing;
My Throane must be my Fathers Monument;
My Raigne built on his ruine: but how? how? witlesse, how?
Aske how, and seeke a Crowne? By Poyson, no, by Sword;
Sword;

The true Tragedy of

Sword; no, by Subtilty: O Hell awake, awake;
And once for all instruct me.

Dumbe Shew.

Musique: and, Enter Miscipsa, Iugurth, Adherball, Hiempsall, Miscipsa makes them ioyne hands, and giues each a Crowne, and departs: then in mounting the tribunall, Hiempsall and Adherball sit close to keepe out Iugurth, he diuides them by force, Hiempsall offers to draw, and Iugurth stabs him; Adherball flies and comes in againe with the Roman Senators, they seeme to reconcile them; and being departed, Iugurth stabs Adherball, and leanes at Antipaters feete a Scrowle.

O resolute Iugurth; what afford'st thou me?
Non mordent mortui; Dead men doe not bite:
True, noble Bastard: Iugurth, in thy light
Thy Brothers dwelt; O Iugurth, so doe nine:
Thou kild'st them Iugurth; Iugurth, so must I.
Thus sing we feuerall Descant on one plain-song, Kill:
Foure parts in one, the Meane excluded quite:
The Base sings deeply, Kill; the Counter-tenor, Kill;
The Tenor, Kill, Kill; the Treble, Kill, Kill, Kill:
In Diapason Kill is the Vnison, seauen times redoubled;
And so oft must I kill: as, first the King,
(His Wife is past) two Sonnes, two Brethren, and a Sister;
And thinke not but I can: can; nay, but I will:
I am no puny in these Documents:
The Tyger, tasting blood; finds it to sweet to leaue it:
The Hauke, once made to prey, takes all delight in preying;
The Virgin, once deflour'd, thinks pleasure to grow cōmon;
And can I then stop in a middle way?
Close fountains, riuers dry; pluck vp the roots bowes perish;
Banish the Sunne, the Moone and Starre doe vanish:
And, were it to obscure the world, and spoyle
Both Man and Beast, Nature, and euery thing;
Yet would I doo't; and why? I must, and will be King.
Kingly Antipater. *Exit.*

Iosephus

Herod and Antipater.

Iosephus Neuer grew Pride more high, more desperate ;
Nor euer could the Arrogance of man
Finde out a Breast more large and spacious :
But Fate and he must wrestle. Let mee now
Intreat your worthy Patience, to containe
Much in Imagination ; and, what Words
Cannot haue time to vtter ; let your Eyes
Out of this dumbe Shew, tell your Memories.

Dumbe Shew.

*Enter at one dore, with Drums and Colours, P. Alexander, and
T. Aristobulus, with their Army ; at another, Herod and An-
tipater, with their Army : as they are ready to encounter, Enter
Augustus with his Romans betweene them ; they all cast downe
their weapons at his feet and kneels ; he raises Herod and sets him
in his Chayre, makes Alexander and Aristobulus kisse his feet ;
which done, they offer to assaile Antipater, Herod steps between,
Augustus reconciles them ; then whispering with Herod, Au-
gustus takes three Garlands and crownes the three Sonnes, He-
rod placing Antipater in the midst, and so all depart, Antipater
vsing ambitious countenances.*

Iosephus The Sonnes of *Marriam*, hauing met the King,
Are ready for Encounter ; but are staid
By th'awe of great *Augustus*, at whose feete
They cast their Liues and Weapons : hee, with frownes
Chides the two angry Princes ; yet commands
The Father to forgiue them ; peace is made :
Onely against *Antipater* they bend
The fury of their courage ; which the King
Withstands and reconciles them : all made fountd ;
Augustus giues them Garlands, and installs
Them equall Captaines ouer *Palestine* :
But yet *Antipater*, by *Herods* meanes,
Gets the precedence and Priority :
How in that throng he iustles ; tis your Eyes,
And not my Tongue must censure : this we hope
Our Scale is still assending ; and you'll finde
Better, and better ; and the Best behinde.

Exit.

Finis Actus secunda

ACT, 3.

Act. 3. Scœna. 1.

Enter Salumith, and Lyme the Mason.

Sal. You must take my directions.

Lym. Any thing your Ladship will haue me.

Sal. Thou shalt informe his Maiesty ; his Sons hired thee, when his Highnes should approach to view the buildings, by seeming chance to throw some stone vpon him, which might crush him to pieces. Do this and thou shalt gaine by't.

Lym. A halter, or some worie thing ; for (Madam) the least stone that is imployd about the Temple, is 20. Cubits broad, and 8. thicke, and thats able to break a mans necke without a halter.

Sal. No matter.

Lym. Nay, and it be no matter for breaking a neck (though it be an ill Ioynt to set) Ile venter a swearing for't.

Sal. Doe, and liue rich and happy ; hold, there's gold.

Lym. Nay, if I can get my liuing by swearing and forswearing ; Ile neuer vse other occupation.

Enter Handſaw.

Han. Neighbour *Lyme* ; newes, newes, newes.

Lym. What newes, Neighbour *Handſaw* ?

Han. Marry Sir, Charity has got a new coate ; for I saw a Beadle iust now whipping-on Statute-lace.

Sal. And what's become of Liberality ?

Han. Cry you mercy Lady, faith she went like a Baud at a Carts taile, roaring vp and downe ; but her purse was empty.

Sal. Th'art deceiu'd her hand is euer open,
And to desert shees free ; behold else.

Han. This is more of Liberality, (as you call it) then I haue found, since I began first to build the Temple.

Lym. Or I either.

Sal. You shall haue more,
Ile poure it on in showers ; performe but my commandments.

Han. Madam, by my Handſaw & Compasse, I will do any thing ; say, speake, sweare, and forswear any thing your Ladship can inuent or purchase.

Sal. Hark your eares. *Whisper.*

Han. Hum, ha ; pretty, pretty ; Ile play my part to a tittle ; Neighbour, looke to yours : nay, and Ile doe it presently ; for the King is now comming to the Temple, and I came to call you Neighbour ; wee'l doe it there.

Lym.

Herod and Antipater.

Lym. What else; a man may bee forsworne in any place,
Citty, Court or Country, has no difference.

Sal. About it then; be constant wary and y'are fortunate.

Lym. Feare vs not, if you want any more to be forsworne,
giue me your money, Ile presse a dozen Tradesmen shall doe
it as well as any Scribe in all *Ierusalem*.

Han. I or Publican either. *Sal.* Away then. *Exe. Lym.*
Thus catch we hearts with gold; thus Spiders can & *Han.*
Poyson poore Flyes, and kill the innocent man.

Enter Antipater with a Letter, and Animis.

Ani. Be swift as Lightning; for the cause requires it:
Such paper-plots are inuisible Goblins;
Pinching them most, which doe least iniury.
Y are arm'd with full instructions. *Ani.* Sir, I am.

Ant. Your Letters are *Chrysanders*, and not mine.

Ani. I know it well.

Ant. Away then, outflye Eagles; yet Sir, harke;
Carry your Countenance wisely, seeme to be
A Saint in thy deliury. *Ani.* Sir, your care
Makes you too curious; feare me not. *Exit Animis.*

Ant. Within there.

Enter Hillus.

Hil. Did your Excellence call?

Ant. I did; what, is your Lesson got?

Hil. My Lord, vnto a sillable; my tongue
Hath poyson for your purpose, and I am
Confirm'd in euery circumstance.

Ant. The time, (at night;) the place, (the Bed-chamber;)
The manner, (arm'd;) the instruments, (their Swords.)

Hil. Tut, this is needlesse; Sir, my Quality
Needs not a twice instruction.

Ant. Nobly said; hold, there's gold.

Hil. This is a good periwader; right or wrong,
Treasure will make the dumbe man vse his tongue.

Ant. True; tis the sicke mans Balme, the Vsurers Pledge,
And indeed all mens Muisters; goe away, *Exit Hillus.*
The time's ripe for thy purpose; thus these Slaues
Runne post to Hell for shadowes; ha, *Salumish:*
O my best Aunt and Mistris; y'are well met:

Neuer were times so tickle ; nor, I thinke,
Stood innocence in more danger : would my life
Were lost, to thrust feares from you.

Sal. VVhy, Princely Nephew, I'ue no cause to feare.

Ant. Tis well you are so arm'd ; indeed, a life
So good as yours, free, and religious,
Thinks not on feare, or ill mens actions :
Yet Madam, still your state is slippery ;
Belieue it while these Princes doe suruiue,
And dreame how you accus'd the Mother-Queene,
They still will practise 'gainst you. *Sal.* Yes, and you ;
The High-Priests death, and *Marriams* Tragedy,
VVill be obiected 'gainst you. *Ant.* Tis confest ;

VV'are both marks of their vengeance. *Sal.* Yet so farre
Beyond them, Ile not feare them ; heere's my hand,
I'ue markt them for destruction : since our fates
Haue equall danger ; tis no reason but
They doe inioy like triumph ; once againe,
Belieue it, they are sinking. *Ant.* Nobly said,
Mirror of Women, Angell, Goddesse, Saint.

Enter Tryphon the Barber, with a Case of Instruments.

Sal. Peace, no more ; heere comes mine Instrument.

Ant. What, this ; the Kings Barber, your doting Amorite ?

Sal. The same, obserue him.

Try. O blessed Combe ; thou spotlesse Iuory,
With which my Mistris *Salumith* once daind
To combe the curious felters of her hayre,
And lay each threed in comely equipage ;
Sleepe heere in peace for euer ; let no hand
(But mine henceforth) be euer so adacious,
Or daring as to touch thee.

Ant. Pittifull foole, goe sleepe, or thoult runne mad els.

Try. Sizrs, sweet Sizrs ; sharpe, but gentle ones ;
That once did cut the Locks of *Salumith* ;
Making them in humility hang downe
On either side her cheekes, as 'twere to guard
The Roses, that there flourish : O, goe rest,
Rest in this peacefull Case ; and let no hand

Of mortall race prophane you. *Ant.* Sfoote, the Slaue
Will begger himselfe with buying new Instruments.

Sal. O tis a piece of strange Idolatry.

Try. Tooth-pick, deare Tooth-pick; Eare-pick, both of you
Haue beene her sweet Companions; with the one
I've seene her picke her white Teeth; with the other
Wriggle so finely worme-like in her Eare;
That I haue wisht, with enuy, (pardon me)
I had beene made of your condition:
But tis too great a blessing.

Ant. What, to be made a Tooth-picke?

Sal. Nay, youle spoyle all, if you interrupt him.

Try. *Salumith*, O *Salumith*;

When first I saw thy golden Lockes to shine,
I brake my glasse; needing no Face, but thine:
When at those corall Lips, I was a gazer;
Greedy of one sweet touch, I broke my Razor:
When to thy Cheekes, thou didst my poore Eyes call;
Away flew Sizars, Bason, Balls and all:
Only the Crisping-Irons I kept most deare;
To doe thee service heere and euery where.

Sal. Not euery where good *Triphon*, some place still
Must be referu'd for other purposes.

Try. Bright Go-o-o-desse. *Sal.* Well proceede;
What, at a stand? has true loue got the power,
To strike dumbe such a nimble wit?

Ant. Cry hem, pluck vp thy heart man? what, a polling
shauing Squire, and strucke dead with a woman?

Sal. Nothing so, he does but mocke, he loues not *Salumith*.

Try. Not loue you Lady? O strange blasphemy!

Ant. Faith, what wouldst thou do now but for a kisse of her

Try. What would I do? what not? O any thing. (hand.
Ile number all those Hayres my Sizars cut,
And dedicate those Numbers to her Shrine;
A Breath more loathsome then the Stench of Nile,
Ile rectifie, and, for her sake, make pleasant;
A Face more black then any *Ethiope*,
Ile scoure as white as Siluer; to attaine

The True Tragedy of
But one touch of her finger, I'de beget
Things beyond wonder; stab, poyson, kill,
Breake mine owne necke, my friends, or any mans.

Sal. Spoke like a daring seruant; harke thine eare;
Doe this and haue thy wishes. *They whisper.*

Try. What, but this?

Ant. No more beleue it: why, tis nothing man;
Only, it asks some serioufnes and Art,
By which to moue the King, and gaine beleefe.

Try. But shall I haue a kisse from that white hand,
Which gripes my heart within it?

Sal. Sir, you shall; tis there, pay your deuotion.

Try. Then by this kisse Ile do it; hencey kisse *Kisses her*
There's resolution in thee, and I'm fixt *hand.*
To doe it swiftly, quickly; from my lip
Thy sweet taste shall not part, till I haue spoke
All that your wishes looke for: boast of this;
Y'au'e bought two Princes liues with one poore kisse. *Exit.*

Ant. Spoke like a noble Seruant. *Sal.* Nephew, true;
Let him and's follies wrestle; from their birth
We will bring out our safeties; Villaines, we know
Are sometimes Stilts, on which great men must goe.
Enter Herod with his sword drawne, in his other hand a Letter,
driving before him P. Alexander, and T. Aristobulus, Animis,
Hillus, Lime and Handsaw following Herod; Antip.
steps betweene Herod and the Princes.

P. Alex. T. Arist. Sir, as y'are royall, heare vs.

Her. Villaines, Traytors, Vipers. *Ant.* In the name
Of goodnesse and of good men; what hand dare
Be rais'd against his Soueraigne? Gracious Sir,
Let not your rage abuse you; there's none heere
That your word cannot slaughter. *Her.* Giue me way;
Shall my owne blood destroy me? that I gaue
Ile sacrifice to Iustice. *P. Alex.* Yet Sir, hold.

Heare but our innocent answere. *T. Arist.* If we proue
Guilty, let tortures ceaze vs. *Sal.* O my Lord,
Tis a becomming Iustice; heare them speake.

Her. What, Villaines that are arm'd against me?

Sal.

Sal. Tis not so; Nephewes, deare Nephewes,
Throw at his Highnes feete, these ill becomming weapons;
In this case, they doe not guard but hurt you.

P. Alex. We obey; and, with our weapons offer vp our liues,
To haue our cause but heard indifferently.

Y. Arist. Sir, there's no greater innocence on earth
Iniur'd then our alleageance: let but truth
Accuse vs in a shadow; spare vs not.

Her. But truth accuse you? O strange impudence!
Th'art not of Brasse, but Adamant: seest thou this,
This man you hir'd with stone to murder me;
This man with timber; both you wrought to staine
The sacred building with foule Paricide. Is not this true?

Lym. Han. Most true (my Lord) wee will both bee for-
sworne vnto it.

P. Alex. Falshood, th'art grown a mighty one, when these;
These Slaues shall murder Princes. *Her.* No, not these
Your vilde acts doe destroy you: Speake, my Lord;
Did not you see these in the dead of night,
Arm'd with their weapons, watch at my Chamber doore,
Intending to assault me? *Hil.* Tis most true;
And had I not with threats and some exclaymes
Remou'd them, you had perisht. *Ant.* Wonderfull.

P. Alex. O truth, for shame awaken; this Slaue will
Exile thee from all Mankinde. *Her.* What, doth this
Bristle your guilty spirits? No, Ile come
Neerer vnto your Treasons; heer's your hands,
Your own hands, most vnnaturall: Sister, see;
See, mine *Antipater*; (for I know, you both
Are perfect in their hands and Characters)
This Letter did they traitrouly conuey
Vnto *Chrysander*, which commands our Powers,
And Conquests won in *Greece*; inciting him
To breake his firme alleageance, and to ioyne
His strength with theirs, to worke our ouerthrow.
Speake, our Centurion; did not you receiue
This Letter from *Chrysander*?

Ani. My Lord, I did.

Her. And that it is their owne hands, witnesse you ;
And you; and all that know them.

Sal. I am strooke dumbe with wonder; I should sweare
This were your own hands Nephews. *Ant.* By my hopes;
If it be false, tis strangely counterfeit;
The Slaue that did it had a cunning hand,
And neere acquaintance with you: but, deare Sir,
It shall be gracious in you to conceiue
The best of these misfortunes: who, that knowes
The world, knowes not her mischieues; and how Slaues
Are euer casting Mines vp; for my part,
(Though there's no likelihood) I will suppose,
This is, and may be counterfeit. *Sal.* And so will I.

Her. But neuer I, it is impossible.

P. Alex. Sir, I beseech you, howsoere you lose
The force of Nature, or the touch of blood;
Lose not the vse of Iustice; that should liue,
When both the rest are rotten: all these proofes
Are false as Slander, and the worke hew'd out
Only by malice; when w're tane away,
Tis you your selfe next followes: why alas,
We are your Armour; he that would strike home,
And hit you soundly, must vn buckle vs.

Y. Arist. Besides Sir, please you either send, or call
Chrysander home (whom we haue euer held,
A noble, free, and worthy Gentleman)
And, if he doe accuse vs; we will throw
Our liues to death with willingnesse; nay more,
Plead guilty to their Slanders. *Ant.* In my thoughts
This is a noble motion; heare them Sir.

Sal. It will renoune your patience; Sacred Sir,
Let me begge for my Nephewes; you haue said
You tooke delight to heare me; heare me now.

Ant. S'foote, y'are too earnest, and will spoyle vs all;
Begge with a scuruy cold Parenthesis
Sir, (though I know, in this case, minutes are
Irreouerable losses) yet, you may
(If please you) grant them their Petition.

Her.

Herod and Antipater.

Her. I'm resolu'd,

Enter Tryphon.

Chryfander shall be sent for: ha, how now?

Why star'st thou? why art breathlesse? *Try.* O my Lord,
My gracious Lord, heare me; I must discloie
A treason foule and odious: these your Sonnes,
Your Princely Sonnes, chiefly Prince *Alexander*,
By fearefull threats, and golden promises,
Haue labour'd me, that when I should be cald,
To trim your Highnesse beard, or cut your hayre;
I then should lay my Razor to your throat,
And send you hence to Heauen. *Ant. Sal.* O vnnaturall!

Her. Villaine, speake this againe.

P. Alex. Y. Arist. Villaine, speak truth, feare Iudgement.

Try. Briefly Sir, Prince *Alexander*, and *Aristobulus*
Offer'd me heapes of gold to cut your throat,
When I should trim or shaue you. *Her.* From which, thus
Mine owne hand shall secure me; villaine, die, *Stabs Tryph.*
That knew'st a way to kill me; and henceforth,
What Slaue soeuer dare to fill mine eare
With tales of this foule nature, thus shall perish;
He not be tortur'd liuing: where's my Guard?
Handle those treacherous young men; and, with cordes,
Strangle them both immediatly. *P. Alex.* Sir, O Sir.

Y. Arist. Heare vs; but heare vs. *Her.* Neuer, I am deafe;
Villaines, that hatch such execrable thoughts,
Vnfit for noble spirits, shall not breath:
Dispatch I say; for vnto time He raise
Such Trophies of Seuerity; that he
Which reads your Story with a bloody thought,
Shall tremble and forsake it. *P. Alex.* Yet that man
Seeing your Rigor, and our Innocence,
Shall turne his feare to pittie, and condemne
The malice of your rashnesse: Sir, to dye
Thus, as we doe, not guilty, is a death,
Of all, most blest, most glorious; for, it is
To braue death, not to feele it; and this end
Reuiues vs, but not kils vs. *Y. Arist.* Brother, true;
Let me imbrace thy goodnesse; for I know,

The

The true Tragedy of

The last gaspe of a death thus innocent,
Hath no paine in it ; and w'are sure to finde
Sweetnesse ith' shortnesse, all content of minde.

Her. Pull, and dispatch them.

*They strangle
the Princes.*

Ant. This was well contriu'd.

Sal. An act worth imitation.

Ant. O, mighty Sir,

You haue done Iustice brauely, on your head
Depends so many heads, and on your life
The liues of such abundance ; that, beleeu't,
Acts and Consents must not alone be fear'd ;
But Words and Thoughts ; nay very Visions,
In this case must be punish't : Ancient times,
(For Princes safeties) made our Dreames our Crimes.

Her. Tis true; and I am resolute to run a Course,
T'affright the proud'st Attempter ; goe, conuay
Those bodies vnto Buriall : *Antipater,*
Come neere me man ; th'art now the only branch
Left of this aged Body ; which, howere
Disdaind, for want of grafting ; yet, Ile now
Make thee the chiefe, the best, and principall.
It is our pleasure, that with winged speed,
Forthwith you passe to *Rome* ; and, in our name,
Salute the great *Augustus* ; say, that age, griefe,
And some naturall sicknesse, hauing made
My minde vnfit for Gouvernment ; I craue,
He would confirme thee in the Royalty :
Which granted, I will instantly giue vp
To thee and to thy goodnesse, all I hold ;
Either in Crowne, or Greatnesse. *Ant.* Gracious Sir.

Her. Doe not crosse my commandment ; for I know
Thy sweet and modest temper : but away ;
Fly in thy happy iourney ; I presage,
Those which did hate my Youth, will loue mine Age. *Exit.*

Sal. Heeres a braue change, sweet Nephew; can you flye
Aboue the pitch you play in? *Ant.* No, sweet Aunt;
Nor in my flight will leaue you, could I shoote
Through Heauen, as through the ayre ; yet would I beare
Thy goodnesse euer with me : how ere I rise,

Tis

Herod and Antipater.

Tis you alone shall rule *Ierusalem.*

Sal. No, tis *Antipater* ; goe, be fortunate :

I'ue other plots in working. *Ant.* So haue I :

The Kings death and her owne ; till that be done,

Nothing is perfect ; th'halfe way is but runne.

Ha! who's this? the noble *Pheroas* ? *Enter Pheroas sickly.*

What chance makes my deare Vncle droope thus ?

Do not giue way to your discontentment.

Phe. Pardon me, it is become my Maister ; spacious mindes
Are not like little bolomes ; they may presse

And crush disgraces inward ; but the great,

Giues them full Field to fight in ; and each stroke

Contempt doth strike is mortall. *Sal.* Say not so ;

You may finde reparation. *Phe.* Tell me where ;

Not vpon earth ; when reputation's gone,

Tis not in Kings to bring her backe againe :

I am a banisht out-cast, and what's more,

The scorne of those gaze on me : but a day

Will come, of Visitation, when the King

May wish these foule deeds vndone. *Ant.* Come, no more

We are partners in your sorrowes ; and how ere

The King doth yet smile on vs, we know well

The word of any Peasant hath full power

To turne vs topsie turuy. *Phe.* Are you there ?

Nay, then you haue got feeling. *Sal.* Sensibly,

And feare, and will preuent it.

Enter Achitophel singing, and Disease.

ACH. Come buy you lusty Gallants

These Simples which I sell ;

In all our dayes were neuer seene like these,

For beauty, strength, and smell :

Here's the King-cup, the Paunce, with the Violet,

The Rose that loues the shower,

The wholesome Gilliflower,

Both the Cowslip, Lilly,

And the Daffadilly ;

With a thousand in my power.

H

Why

Why where are all my Customers? none come buy
Of the rare Iew that sells eternitie?

Dis. Indeed Maister I'm of your minde; for none of your
Drugges but sends a man to life euermlasting.

Ach. Peace knowe I say, here's in this little thing.

A Jewell prizelesse, worthy of a King:

If any man so bold dare bee,

Vnseene, vnknowne to coape vvith me,

And giue the price which I demand;

Heere's treasure worth a Monarchs Land.

Ant. Harke how the Mountebanke sets out his ware.

Phe. O, tis a noble Braggard; two dry'd frogs,

An ounce of Rats-bane, grease and Staues-aker,

Are all his ingredients. *Ant.* Peace for shame,

Haue Charity before you; harke, obserue.

Achit. Sings.

Ac h. Here's golden *Amaranthus*,

That true Loue can prouoke;

Of Horehound store, and poysoning Elebore,

With the Polipode of the Oake:

Here's chaste Veruine and lustfull Eringo,

Health-preseruing Sage,

And Rue, which cures old Age;

With a world of others,

Making fruitfull Mothers:

All these attend mee as my Page.

Come buy, come buy, vnknowne, vnseene,

The best that is, or ere hath beene:

He that, not asking what, dare coape,

May buy a wealth past thought, past hope.

Come buy, Come buy, &c.

Dis. Maister, faith giue mee leaue to make my Procla-
mation too, though not in rime; yet in as vn sensible meeter
as may be.

If the Diuell any man prouoke,

To buy's owne mischief in a poake;

Or else, that hood-winckt he would climbe

Vp to the Gallowes ere his time;

Herod and Antipater.

If fooles would learne how to conuay
Their friends the quite contrary way;
Come to my Maister, they shall haue
Their wish; for hee's a crafty knaue.

Ach. Sirrah, y'are saucy.

Dis. Fitter for your dish of knauery.

Ant. How now *Achitophel*; what's this curious drugge
You make such boast of; may not I question it?

Ach. By no meanes Sir; he that will purchase this,
Must pitch and pay; but aske no questions.

Ant. Not any? *Ach.* No, not any; doe you thinke
Perfection needs Encomiums?

Dis. O my Lord, you may take my Maisters word at all
times; for, being a Phisician, hee's the onely best member
in a Common-wealth.

Sal. How proue you Physitians the best members?

Dis. Because Madam, without them the world would in-
crease so fast, that one man could not liue by another.

Ant. Go to, y'are a mad knaue: but come *Achitophel*,
How prize you this rich Jewell? If it be fit
Only for Kings; tis for *Antipater*.

Ach. The price is, two thousand Drachmas.

Ant. Once Ile proue mad for my priuate pleasure,
There's your price; giue me the Iuell;
Now it's bought & sold, you may disclose the full perfection.

Ach. There's reason for't my Lord, then know y'au'e here
The strongest quickest killingst poyson, which
Learning or Art ere vtter'd; for one drop
Kils sooner then a Canon; yet so safe
And free from all suspition, that no eye
Shall see or swelling, pustule, or disease,
Rage or affrighting torment: but as death were
Kissing and not killing, hence they goe
Wrapt vp in happy Slumbers.

Ant. Tis enough;
Goe, and as Art produces things like these,
Let me heare from you.

Ach. The Jew is all your Creature.

Dis. Though (my Lord) I did not trouble my braines,
yet I bestir'd my stumps ere this worke was brought to passe;
I know the waight of the Pestle and Morter, and though
my hands lost some leather; yet they found labour worthy
your Lordships remembrance.

Ant. O, I vnderstand you, goe, there's gold. *Exit Dis.*
Now my best Aunt and Vncle, see you this;
Heeres but a little substance; yet a strength
Able to beare a Kingdome euery way:
This shall bring safety to vs, and conduct
*Her*ed the way to Heauen: Vncle you
Shall take it to your keeping; and as I
Direct you by my Letters, so imploy it;
How ere stormes yet hang ore vs, you shall finde,
I haue a Deity can calme the winde.

*Gines Pheroas
the Poyson.*

Sal. Th'art excellent in all things; keepe thy way:
What we admire, that we must obey. *Exeunt.*

Finis Actus tertie.

ACT. 4. SCœna. 1.

Enter Alexandra, and her Euenuch.

Q. Alex. But is it certaine *Pheroas* is so sicke,
As Rumor doth giue out? *Eue.* Madam, he is;
Nor hath he euer since his Banishment

Cast vp his heauy count'nance. *Q. Alex.* Tis most strange;
But iudgement still pursues him; yet Ile call
And visit his affliction; for although
His vvords accus'd my *Marriam*; tis his sinne
Not person, that I enuy. *Eue.* Madam, here comes his Lady.

Q. Alex. O, you are wel encounter'd; I am sad *Ent. Adda.*
That sadnesse thus afflicts you.

Ad. I'm bound vnto your goodnesse.

Q. Alex. How fares your noble Husband?

Ad. Desperately ill;
His sicknesse Madam rageth like a Plague,
Once hotted, neuer cured; tis his minde

That

Herod and Antipater.

That doth afflict his body ; and that warre
Quickly brings on destruction.

Q. Alex. Whence should proceed these Passions ?

Ad. All I can gather is his Banishment,
Which, drawing something to his Conscience,
Makes euery thing more mortall.

Q. Alex. Aduice and sufferance is a ready cure
For these distempered passions ; and might I
But see him, I would boldly tender them.

Ad. Your Highnesse may ; for now he's comming forth
To change the ayre, not his affliction.

Enter Pheroas sicke in a Chayre.

Phe. Leau me, O leau me to my selfe, that I may thinke
Vpon the tedious houres I've yet to liue.

O, what a Iourney hath that man to Heauen,
Whose Conscience is oppress'd with iniury ;
Sinne, like so many Pullies hanging by,
To draw the Soule still downward: *Herod; O Herod.*

Q. Alex. Ha, what's this ? sure I must sound him deeper:
How fare you Sir ?

Phe. O Madam, Madam; I am full of miseries.

Q. Alex. Discourle with Patience; she will comfort you.

Phe. Patience? there is a worne hath bitten Patience off;
And, being entred, sucks my vitalls vp.

Herod, loath'd Herod: O credulous Pheroas !

Q. Alex. Why doe you call on *Herod* ?

Phe. Nothing now :

Was't not a strange thing, that he kild his Wife ?

Q. Alex. Who doe you meane, *Marriam* ?
Indeed t'was easily done ; but soundly sworne to.

Phe. O, I feele a dagger.

Q. Alex. Let not her name offend you ; she deseru'd
A death more horrid, and her end vvas iust:
O *Pheroas*, I hated her for that Act
More then the Screech-Owle day; and vould my selfe
Haue beene her Executioner ; had not Law
Stept in twixt me and anger.

Phe. O Madam, y'are deceiu'd ; meerely decein'd :

The true Tragedy of

I haue a Conscience tels me otherwise.
O my inass leaue, torment me not within,
Nor raise this strange rebellion: ha ke, they cry
Iudgement vpon a wretch; that wretch am I.

Q. Alex. This sauiors of distraction.

Phc. A Hall, a hall; let all the deadly sinnes
Come in and here accuse me: Ile confesse,
Truth must no longer be obscur'd: why so;
All things are now prepar'd; the Iudge is set,
And wrangling Pleaders buzzing in his eares,
Makes Babel no confusion.

Q. Alex. Whom doe you see Sir?

Phc. Feare and a guilty Conscience; nay, what's more,
See where proud *Herod* and pale Enuy sits;
Poore *Marriam* standing at the Barre of death,
And her Accuser I, falsly opposing her.

Ad. Let not your passion worke thus.

Q. Alex. Giue him leaue; Passion abates by venting.

Eue. This is strange meditation.

Phc. I doe confesse before the Mercy-seate
Of Men and Angels, I slew *Marriam*;
'Twas I accus'd her falsly, I suborn'd,
Strucke her torh' heart with Slander; but her foes
Shall follow after when the Hubbub comes
And ouertakes me downward, downe below,
In Hell amongst the damned. *Q. Alex.* Gentle Sir,
Name them which thus seduc'd you.

Phc. Pardon mee,
I dare not, nor I may not; you may guesse,
Their Characters are easie; for my selfe,
Let mine owne shame sleepe with me; I confesse,
Marriam was chaste as faire, all good, all vertuous.

Q. Alex. But yet, shee's dead.

Phc. So are my Ioyes and comforts: O, till now
I had cleane lost my selfe; and as a man
Left in a Wilderneise, findes out no path
To carry him to safety; so was I.
Distract, till this was vtter'd.

Q. Alex.

Q. Alex. You haue divulg'd a Myſtery, whoſe truth
Shall ſprinkle blood through all *Ieruſalem*.

O me, poore innocent *Marriam*, let thy foule
Looke downe on my reuengement; for thy ſake,
I will forget all Greatneſſe; faith I will.

Sir, I doe wiſh you may dye happy now;
Your free confeſſion is a Sacrifice.

Phe. Madam, I thanke you; and belieu't for truth,
The hurly burly which but late I had
Is now appeas'd; Truth's a braue Secretary.
I could not reſt before; yet now I feele
A calmenefſe ouerſpread me; and my minde,
Like a decayed Temple new adorn'd,
Shewes, as it nere was fullied.

Q. Alex. Y'are happy Sir.

Phe. Madam, I am; for, with this peace of minde,
I finde my breath decaying; yet before
I take this long laſt Iourney, one thing more
I muſt diſcloſe; then, all is perfitted.
Wiſe, reach me the Violl ſtanding in my Study,
Of which I was ſo carefull, and did binde
Your ſelfe by Oath to looke to: goe, away; *Exit Adda.*
Tis a new birth that Villany vvould bring forth.

Ene. More miſchiefes yet in hatching?

Q. Alex. Theſe actions leade you on to happineſſe;
And for the penitent man, remiſſion ſtands
Ready to fold him in her Chriſtall armes:
Yet noble *Pheroas*, make me ſo much bleſt,
To know vvho plotte *Marriam's* Ttaggedy

Phe. Name it no more; ope not my vvound afreſh;
Leaſt, in th'incision, I ſhould bleed to death:
I haue too much vpon me; adde to Fire,
Not Oyle, but Water; Seas will not raiſe his care,
Whoſe ſhip lies landed on the hill Deſpaire.

Ad. Sir, here's the Violl.

Enter Adda.

Phe. Here's a little Compaſſe; but a mighty ſound:
And in this little Thimble, lies ſtrange Villany.
Madam, twas once prepared for the King;

And

And he from me deseru'd it ; not from him
That bought it to destroy him : but Ile shew
Mercy to my Tormenters. *Q. Alex.* And those deeds
Argue a pious Nature. *Phē.* If they doe ;
Then thus I will expresse them : Wife, by all
The ties that I can challenge, or intreate
By oath, by faith, by loue and loyall duty,
I binde thee keepe this glasse till I be dead ;
But, once departed, spill it on the ground,
Where nere treads liuing Creature ; and (though vrg'd)
Deny thou euer sawst it ; yea, though death
Bethreatned to confesse it : this perform'd,
My peace is made with all things.

Ad. By all the Bonds of loue and faith I will.

Phē. Then *Herod* doe thy vvorst ; I am beyond
The reach of all thine enuy ; peace dwels heere ;
And quiet Slumber sits vpon mine eyes :
I haue no Racks nor Batteries now vvithin,
As earst I had when I vvas troubled :
My nummed feete which late so leaden were,
I could not stand nor walke ; haue now such vvarmth,
That I can trauell vnto Paradise ;
And, vvith spread armes, incircle mercy to me :
I that accus'd the *Queene*, accuse my selfe,
And on her Altar lay my bleeding heart ;
Where I haue found such mercy in my truth,
That *Marriams* selfe hath got me happy pardon :
For vvich deare Sweet I thanke thee : now I come,
My life hath runne it's Circle, and's come round ;
Mount Soule to Heauen ; sinke sins vnto the ground. *Dies.*

Ad. O, he is gone, his life is withered :
What shall become of me ? I'm lost for euer.
My Lord, my Husband ; O, my *Pheroas* ;
Lift vp those eyes, they are too soone obscur'd
From her, that as her life did tender thee.

Q. Alex. Haue patience ; tis a fruitlesse Dialogue,
Since to the dead you speake ; withdraw him hence,
His Conscience is vnburthened, he secure

Herod and Antipater.

On his long Journey wander'd ; and beleeu't,
The causers of his woe shall follow him ;
By all that's good they shall ; second me Fate,
And let reuenge once murder cruel hate. *Exit Alex. & Ad.*

En. No, Ile preuent you, *Salumith* shall know,
All your designs, and how your actions goe. *Exit Eunuch.*

Enter Herod Niraleus, Animis, Hillus, and Attendants.

Her. Where is *Niraleus* ? what, haue you tane suruey
Of all the holy Building ? May't be said,
Herod in it hath out-gone *Salomon* ?

Nir. Dread Sir, it may : nay and so farre out-gone,
As Sunshine petty Starre-light. *Her.* Come discourse
The manner of the Building. *Nir.* Briefly thus,

The Temple which King *Salomon* set vp,
In honor of the God of *Israel*,

(Being by your great Mightinesse defac'd)
Is thus by you restor'd. The generall Frame,

In height, in breadth, in length, is euery way
Fully an hundred Cubits ; and besides,

Twenty lies hid in the Foundation :

The matter is white Marble ; euery Stone

Twelue Cubits broad, and eight ict' outward part ;

So curiously contriu'd, that not a hayre

Differs in all the Building : euery Gate

Is clos'd in gold, and so enchaft and set

With precious Stones ; that neuer, till this day,

Saw mortall man so rich a Jewellry :

The Tops and Thresholds, Siluer ; and each Barre

Studded with knobs of shining Diamonds.

Close to the holy Building, stands a Court

Of square Proportion ; euery way stretcht out

Seauen hundred and twenty Cubits : all the Wall

Is made of massie Siluer, and adorn'd

With Pillars of white Marble ; from whose base

Toth' top are forty Cubits ; and thereon

Mounted such curious Walkes and Galleries,

That thence you may behold the Fishes dance

Within the Riuer *Cedron* : all the Floore

Is pau'd with Marble, Touch, and Iuory;
And on the golden Gate, is finely wrought
A flaming Sword; which, by Inscription,
Threats death to all dare enter. *Her.* What's within?

Nir. Within this Court, is fram'd a curious Vine
Of perfect Gold; the Body and large Armes,
Of shining Gold, brought from *Arabia*:
The Sprayes and lesser Branches, are compact
Of *Ophy* Gold; more red and radiant:
The Tops and Twines, whereon the Clusters hang,
Are yellow Gold; wrought in *Assyria*:
The Fruit it selfe is Christall; and so ioynd,
That when the Sunne looks on them, they reflect
And vary in their colours seuerall wayes,
According to their Obiects. To conclude;
Such Art, such Wealth, and Wonder in the Frame
Is ioynd and wed together; that the World
Shall neuer see it equal'd: but this Truth
Shall still hang on it as a Prophecie:
Blush Art and Nature; none below the Sunne
Shall euer doe what *Herod* now hath done.

Her. Enough, th'ast giuen me satisfaction; and forthwith,
In solemne wise Ile haue it consecrate
Vnto the God of *Israel*: how now;
Why comes our Sister thus amazedly.

Enter Salammith, and the Eunuch.

Sal. Sir, I beseech you, for your royall health,
And for the Kingdomes safety, you'l be pleas'd
To heare this *Eunuch* speake; and howloere
Yaue vow'd no more to heare Conspiracies:
Yet Sir, in this regard him; and admit,
He may make knowne what may endanger you.

Her. Whence is the *Eunuch*? *Sal.* Belonging to *Alexandra*.

Her. Let him speake freely.

Eu. It pleas'd my Lady Sir, this other day,
(Hearing how desperately strong sicknesse rag'd
Vpon Prince *Pheraas*) for some speciall cause
To goe and visite him; she found him pain'd,

Both

Herod and Antipater.

Both in his minde and body ; vttering forth
Many distracted Speeches ; some against
Your Highnesse person, most against himselfe ;
Saying, he had maliciously accus'd
The late Queene most vniustly : in the end,
He makes his Lady from his Study bring
A Violl filld with Poyson ; saying, this
Was for the King prepared ; and by those
That had least cause to hurt him : vvhhen he had
View'd it, and shew'd the venome ; he bequeathes
The Violl to his Lady ; giues her charge
Of safe and curious keeping , till his eyes
Were clos'd in death for euer ; but, that done,
To cast it forth and spill it on the ground,
Where none that liues might know it : this scarce spoke,
His Soule forakes his Body ; but the Glasse
My Lady, and his sad Wife doth preferue,
I feare, for your destruction ; *Marriams* Soule
Hath strong reuengement promis'd. *Her.* Tis enough ;
Th'ast told me likely danger : *Hillus* with
Your Guard attach the Wife of *Pheroas* ;
Then search the house ; and whatsoere you finde
Like Poyson, see you bring me : *Animis*,
With your Guard ceaze my Mother ; goe, away ;
Be carefull, & be happy. *An.* Doubt vs not. *Ex. An. & Hil.*

Her. Still shall I thus be hunted, and compel'd
To turne head on mine owne blood ? Is there left
Nothing to guard me but my Cruelty ?
Then let my Passion conquer and keepe downe
All Mercy from appearing. *Sal.* Sir, twill be
A royall Iustice in you : who not knowes
The *Lybian* Lyons neuer dare approach
The walls wheron their spoiles hang, Volues we see
Fly from the sound of those Drums, which we know
Are headed with their owne Skins : Sir, beleeu't,
Seuerity brings safety. *Her.* Tis most true,
And I will hence begin to study it.
How now, whom haue you there ?

The true Tragedy of

Enter Hillus with his Guard, bringing in Adda in a Chaire.

Hil. Sir, tis the Wife of the decealed *Pheroas*.

Her. By what meanes comes she thus disabled?

Hil. By her owne fatall mischiefe: when she saw
I did approach her Dwelling; first she barres
All Dores against my passage; then, her selfe
Mounts vp into a Turret, which orelookes
What euer stands about it; thence she calls,
And asks me what I came for; I declar'd
The pleasure of your Greatnesse; and with tearmes
Fit for her royall Calling, wisht she would
Obey what I must finish: She returns
An answer like her fury; said she would
Nor yeeld to you, nor mine authority.
Which anger being ouer; she cry'd see,
Thus will I flye to *Herod*; and that spoke,
Downe from the Turret did she throw her selfe
As if a VWhirle-winde tooke her: which perceiud,
I made the Soldiers catch her; yet the force
Came with such deadly violence; that some
She struck dead vnderneath her; and her selfe
Bruiz'd, as you see, and wounded: By our meanes
Hath yet so much life left, as may resolue,
VWhat we cannot discouer. *Her.* What of the Poyson?

Hil. No where to be found.

Sal. Twas a strange desperate hazard. *Her.* But a toy;
They which dare doe, dare suffer; desperate Soule,
Doe not play with more mischiefe; but confesse,
VWhere is the Poyson, which thy treacherous Lord
(Hauing for me prouided) did conuay
Vnto thy charge and keeping. *Ad.* Sir, I vow,
There nere was any giuen me; neither had
My Lord a thought so odious. *Her.* Come tis false;
Nor can you now outstrip me; to denye,
Is but to adde to sorrow; or confesse,
Or drinke of more affliction. *Sal.* Madam, doe;
It will be too apparant, trust the King;
He sue and begge your safety. *Nir.* Tis aduice

VVorthy

Worthy your best imbraces. *Her.* Quickly speake;
For I am sodaine in my Cruelty.

Ad. What shall I speake; but, that y'are tirannous,
Thus to compell a falshood; I protest,
He neuer gaue me any; nor know I
Of any hidden Poyson.

Her. Prepare her for the Torture: Shall my life
Lye in these rotten Caskets, and not I
Dare to consume or breake them? Wretched thing,
Ile make you speake louder then Tempests doe;
And true as Oracles; or else, belecu't, *They racke Adas.*
Ile cracke your strongest heart-strings: so, pull home;
Stretch her out like a Lutestring.

Ad. O, as y'are a King haue mercy; hold, O hold.

Her. Speake truth, or there's no mercy; higher yet.

Ad. O, my weake strength cannot beare it; hold, O hold.
I will confesse and perill.

Her. Doe it with truth there's safety, giue her ease.

Ad. I doe confesse the Poyson; that my Lord
Bequeath'd it to my keeping; that it was
Prepard to kill you: but (great Sir)
Neuer by him.

Her. Who then became the Author?

Ad. Sir, 'twas *Antipater*. *Sal.* Mischiefe on mischief,
How came shee by that knowledge?

Her. *Antipater*! how, from *Antipater*?

Ad. Ere his departure vnto *Rome*, he came
And feasted with my Lord; declar'd his hopes;
And that betwixt him and the Crowne, did stand
Nothing but your weake life, and great *Augustus* fauour:
The latter got; the first he said should fall,
And vanish in a moment; to which end,
He had prepar'd that poyson; and besought
My Lord to keepe it safely; for he meant
At his returne to vse it.

Her. Can you tell by whose meanes he attained it?

Ad. He bought it of the Jew *Achitophel*.

Her. What did you with that Poyson?

Ad. As my dead Lord commanded; on the grownd
I cast most part thereof; only some drops
Left in the Viols bottome, with the Glasse,
(At her most strong intreaty) I bestow'd
On the Queene *Alexandra.* *Her.* Take her downe;

This at the first had eas'd your misery:

Ha Sir, *Antipater*; all this *Antipater*?

O Heauen! But tis no wonder. *Nir.* Yes, that Truth

Should thus come forth by Miracle; till now

Mischiefe hath gone safe guarded: but, I hope,

Your Highnesse vwill make vse on't. *Her.* Doubt me not.

Enter Animis, bringing in Alexandra, Achitophel, & Disease.

Here comes my second trouble: vwhat the Iew?

You haue preuented sending for: false Queene,

That hast disgrac'd thy Sexe with Cruelty.

What Poyson's in your keeping? *Q. Alex.* Not any Sir.

Her. Not any: impudent? *Ad.* O Madam, tis

Too late now to excuse it; paine, O paine,

Tirannous paine hath torne all from my Bosome:

The Violl vvhich I gaue you, and the drops,

Is that his Highnesse vrges. *Q. Alex.* I do confesse them;

Heere is the Violl and the drops: from this,

What can your malice gather? *Her.* That your intent

Was, therewith to destroy me. O, you Gods!

What's life, when This can take it? This, this drop;

This little paltry nothing. *Q. Alex.* Sir, tis false

I neuer did intend your iniury.

Sal. What not intend it? Blushlesse impudence!

Q. Alex. If you be made my Iudge, I know I'm then
Worse then all feare can make me. *Her.* Yare indeed

A mischief too long growing. Sirrah, Iew;

Was this your Composition? *Ach.* 'Twas a worke

My Art brought forth; but neuer did my thought

Touch at your Highnes. *Her.* Who made you to prepare it?

Ach. The Prince *Antipater.*

Sal. Villaine, thou art damn'd for that discouery.

Ach. No matter; Ile haue royall company.

Her. And Sirrah, you had a finger in this worke too.

Dis.

Herod and Antipater.

Dis. No truly My Lord, I durst not dip my finger in your dish,
After great men is alwayes good manners.

Nir. Then you knew it was prepared for the King.

Dis. Alas, I knew my Maister had nothing too deare for his
Grace, and my Lord *Antipater* I know gaue a good price for it.

Her. Was this Poyson then prepar'd for me?

Dis. O Sir, by all likelihood; for euer your Physitian is like
your Hauke; the greater the Fowle is that he kills, the greater is
still both his reward and reputation.

Her. Tis true, and you shall both finde it: goe, hang vp that
Peasant presently; and then cast him into *Silo*.

Dis. Who me, hang vp me? that cannot be good payment.

Sal. Why foole?

Dis. Because I shall neuer be able to acknowledge satisfaction.

Her. Away vvith him; and for that treacherous Iew, *Ex.Dis.*
And you false-hearted Madam, both shall tast
Of that you vvould haue tendred; equally
Diuide that Bane into two cups of vvine,
And giue it them to drinke off; tis decreed,
What vvvas prepar'd for me, shall make you bleed.

Q. Alex. Tis vvelcome Sir; a sodaine death, I know
Is terrible and fearfull; but indeed,
To those vvwhich doe attend it, and doe stand
Constantly gazing on it; who doe liue,
Where it scarres none but Cowards; those can meet,
And kisse it as a sweet Companion:
Tis vnto those a Bugbeare, vvho do thinke
Neuer on Heauen, but for necessity.
Your Tyranny liath taught me other rules;
And this guest comes long lookt for: heere's a health
To all that honor Vertue; let suffice, *Drinks the Poyson.*
Death doth oretake; but it doth not surprize.

Ach. Well Madam, I must pledge you; yet before,
Ile doe the King some seruice: I confesse,
I did compound the poyson; 'twas prepar'd
To kill your Maiesty; the Plot was laid
Both by *Antipater* and *Salumith*:
They equally subborn'd me; each bestow'd

Reward

The true Tragedy of

Reward vpon mee, and encouragement:
T'was they which made me to accuse the Queene,
I must confesse vniustly; they, long since,
Haue shar'd you and the Kingdome: that tis true,
Be this last draught my witnesse; for no Slaue
Madly will carry falshood to his Graue.

Drinks the Poyson.

Sal. But thou dost, and it will damne thee.

Her. Say not so;

I know this smoake vwill kindle, and my care

Must now preuent my danger. *Animis,*

Exe. Ani. & Sal.

Guard you my Sister safely: *Hillus,* cause

Those bodies to be buried: you *Niraleus,*

Shall make for *Rome* with all speed; thence, bring backe

That false, ingratefull, proud *Antipater*:

Carry the matter close, but cunningly:

For that poore Soule, bid our Phisitians

With all care to respect her; for tis she

That onely can accuse our enemies.

Thus runnes the wheelles of State, now vp, now downe;

And none that liues findes safety in a Crowne.

Exeunt.

Dumbe Shew.

Enter at one Doore, Augustus triumphant with his Romans; at another Antipater: he kneeles and giues Augustus Letters; which looke on, Augustus raises him, sets him in his Chayre, and Crownes him, sweares him on his Sword, and deliueres him Letters: then, Enter Niraleus, he giues Antipater Letters; hee shewes them to Augustus; then, imbracing, they take leaue and depart seuerally.

Iose. Once more, I must intreat you to bestow

Much on Imagination; and to thinke,

That now our Bastard hath attain'd the top

And height of his Ambition: You haue seene

Augustus Crowne him; all his great Requests

Are summ'd and granted: therefore, now suppose

He is come home in Triumph; all his Plots

He holds as strong as Fate is, nothing feares;

(So braue his minde enchants him) how at last,

He falls to vtter ruine; sit, and see:

No man hath power to out-worke Destinie.

Exi.

Finis Actus quarti.

ACT.

Herod and Antipater.

ACT. 5. SCENA. 1.

Enter Antipater, and Niraleus.

Anti. O *Niraleus*; so liberall was the royall brested *Cesar*,
As farre exceeds all thought or iust expression.
When he establisht me *Iudea's* King,
His bountry did so farre extend it selfe,
That euen his Court appeard a Paradise;
The People like so many Demi-Kings;
Himselfe, the great Vice-gerent ore them all.

Nir. *Cesar* is royall, and *Antipater* deseruing.

Ant. Me thinks (as in a Mirror) still I see
Augustus dealing yellow *Arabian* gold
Amongst the vulgar, in *Antipaters* name;
So louely were his lookes, so Angel-like his words
The very thought strikes me into a Rapture:
O, I could laugh my selfe breathlesse in conceit,
To thinke on those faire honors we receiu'd.

Nir. Liue to deserue euer.

Enter 3. Lords laughing, and pointing scornfully at Antipater.

Ant. How now; what Motion-mongers are these? S'd death,
what meane they? Doe they make mee a Batchellor Cuckond?
But that I would know the intent, I could be very angry: but
He nor minde 'em.

1. That's he was carried in triumph through *Rome*.
2. Poore Young-man, thy Greatnes must downe.
3. He scornd (being great) to looke on Pouerty;
But now Pouerty scornes Basenesse: farewell.

1. Your Greatnesse will haue a cold welcome home.

2. See how he lookes. 1. Pittifully pale.

1. I doubt hee'l runne mad.

2. Come, let's leaue him. Ha, ha, ha. *Exeunt.*

Antip. Has Nature stamp't me with Deformity?
Am I of late transform'd? Am I the Owle
So lately made, for Birds to wonder at? Is't so?
I thinke I am my selfe; I haue my Voyce,
My Legs, my Hands, my Head, Face, Eyes and Nose;
I'm disproportion'd no way that I know of:

The Tragedy of
Then why doe these Wood-cracks wonder at me?
I could be naturally vex't, and haue good cause for't:
But Ile be patient, walke, obserue: here comes a friend.

Enter Animis, walking by Antipater.

Ani. My Lord; -- You are yndone.

Ant. Ha, noble *Animis*; what, gone so soone?

Ant. Noble *Hillus*. *Enter Hillus.*

Hil. My Lord; -- Your necke is broke. *Exit.*

Ant. Ha! whats that? strange entertainment: y'are yndone:
Whom should this be; for me it cannot be? No;
I am a King, and tis a hard matter to vndoe a King.
Push; there's no Morall in these foolish words:
Your Necke is broke; a Banquerout's Sentence.
We are vnlimited, both in Wealth, and State;
As boundlesse as the Sea; freer in guift.
No; tis not their words can breed amazement;
But their strange looks, gestures, and geerings at me:
Instruct me good *Niralew*, thou art an honest man;
How shewes this disrespect? strangely: doe's it not?

Nir. Nothing, nothing Sir; Courtiers you know are apish:
Tis onely some new Proiect they haue to entertaine you.

Ant. Proiects for entertainment! Well, th'are strange;
And I finde something troubles mee.

Nir. What ayle you Sir? D'ye faint? Y'are wondrous pale;
You change Colour strangely: D'ye bleed?

Ant. A Drop; nothing, but a Drop.

Nir. Tis ominous.

Ant. True; and I finde something that staggers me:
I will retire my selfe from Court to day.

Nir. Retire from Court! O, name it not for shame;
Least you incurre a publike Scandall on you:

Why should you flye from that most couets you?

Will you obscure your Sunne-beames in their height?

Couer your Glories in their Mornings rise?

Those that now geered; then, will laugh outright;

When lookes can put *Antipater* to flight.

No, forage on; and, like a daring Lion,

Single your Game; let not pale Feare dismay you:

Appeal:

Herod and Antipater.

Appeale for Iustice to Heroicke *Herod*,
Gainst those that thus contemn'd your Soueraignty :
True Valour in the weakest Trench doth lie ;
Then beare you brauely on, and scorne to flye.

Ant. Th'alt new created me : I loue this Honor,
That is by merit purchas'd : second me then ;
And let the worst of fortunes fall vpon me :
This Guard Ile keepe ; grappling this Sword,
(Though wall'd with Pikes) Ile beat my passage through ;
And to great *Herod* make my Supplication.
He that feares Enuy shall be sure to finde it :
But he securest, that the least doe's minde it.
Stay, a new Onset.

Enter Animis, with a Guard.

Ani. Great *Antipater*.

Ant. I, that sounds nobly ; why not this before ?

Ani. This cause and this Authority. *Wips forth his Sword.*

Ant. What, betraid ; and sleeping taken ? *Niraleus :*
Slaues let me goe, Ile to the King for Iustice :
Hayee caught the Lambe within the Lions Denne ?
Cowardly wretches : O for my good Sword,
And liberty to gratulate your Trecheries.

Nir. Your Treasons must be first answer'd Sir ;
Til then, you must to Prison.

Ant. Ha, *Niraleus* ; art thou my accuser ?
Haue I within my bosome kept a Snake,
Tosting mee first ? Trecherous Lords,
My Treasons ? 'gainst whom ? or, by whom acted ?
Innocence protect me : guide me to *Herod*,
That, to his sacred person, I may tell
The Iniuries *Antipater* does suffer :
He comes ; O happy houre : Iustice ; Iustice Sir.

Enter Herod, Hillus, and Attendants.

Her. The Iustice that you merit ; hence away with him.

Ant. O sacred *Herod*, heare thy Vassall speake :
Consider what I am ; thy Sonne : if my offences
Proue preiudiciall to thee ; Ile lay my life
As foot-stoole to thy mercies : O, consider,

The true Tragedy of

I neuer was that disobedient Sonne,
That did in any thing oppose his Father:
But with a greedinesse, still ranne to act,
Ere thy Command was past: if these Honours,
These titular glories, great *Augustus* gaue me;
If these offend my Soueraigne, cut them off;
Raze them from off my head; and let me be
Any thing, but *Herods* scorne; no misery
Can worke vpon me halfe that troubled grieve,
As does one frowne from those thy glorious eyes:
Let not those white haire now be staine with blood,
Blood of thine owne begetting; euery drop
In me, from thee had being; canst thou be so vnkind,
To cast thy selfe away? O sacred Sir,
I see compassion in your tender eyes;
Weeping for me, that mone your miseries.

Her. Through what a Labyrinth is mercy led;
Rise in our fauour euermore belou'd.

Nir. Rise in your fauour! O *Herod* be more iust;
As thou art King; so be a God in Iustice;
The blood of Babes, cries for thine equity:
Remember but his Strattagems forepast;
All which, acquitting, you are accessory.
Thinke first on *Aristobulus* fell death;
Your two braue Sonnes, and nob'e *Iosephs* fall:
Next *Pheraas* your Brother; O, your natiue blood:
And *Alexandra*, that most innocent Lady;
Vniustly and vntimely brought to death,
All through his poysonous Complots.

Her. All these are past and cannot be recal'd.

Nir. Let not his smooth words Sir intice you to him;
In stillest Riuers are the greatest dangers:
If none of these can moue you to doe Iustice,
Whose Soules yet houering still doe cry Reuenge;
Yet there is one whose cause must not be slipt;
Though Cannons roare yet must not you be deaue;
But (like the glory you were made for) be
A King, a God in Iudgement, and in Iustice:

Herod and Antipater.

Sonnes are no longer Ours, then they are Natures;
When Nature leaues them, we may leaue our claime:
Be this your warrant, iustly to execute
Iudgement on him, that ha's vniustly mured
Your Mother, Sons, Brothers, Sisters: if not for these;
Thinke vpon her as deare, as was your life,
Your *Marriam*; you innocent, chaste, faire *Marriam*;
By his false witnesse, turn'd to vntimely dust:
O as y^e are great, be good, gracious, and iust.

Her. All those forenamed were of no effect:
My *Marriam*; O my heart: hence with the Slaue;
Ile heare no more of his inchanting words.

Antip. O *Herod*, Kingly Father. *Exit Antip. with a Guard.*

Her. Away with him; Ile blot out all Affinity:
O *Niraleus*, he was so deeply rooted in our loue;
All those and thousands more could neuer worke
Me to haue sent him from my presence: but
My *Marriam*; O, the very name of her
Is like a passing-Knell, to a sicke man:
For, if to be a King, is to be wretched;
Then to be meane is to be glorious:
The thought of *Marriam*, like a Feuer burnes,
Dissects me every Nerue; I feele within
My cogitations beating, things long past
Are now present, d, now I suffer for them;
I m growne a Monster, and could chafe my selfe
Out of my selfe; I'm all on fire within:
O *Marriam*, *Marriam*, Mistis of my Soule;
I shall expire with breathing on thy name:
Thy deare remembrance burnes me: who attends?
Giue me some Fruit to coole me.

Nir. What, will you tast some Sirrop, or some grapes?

Her. No, giue me an Apple. *Nir.* Here are faire ones Sir.

Her. Lend me a knife to pare it: O *Niraleus*,
I haue done cruell Iustice; is there left
A good thing to succeed me? All my Sonnes,
My Brothers, Sisters; nay, the very last
Of all my blood is vanisht.

The true Tragedy of

Nir. Say not so; Your Childrens Children liue yet:

Her. Passing true, young *Archelaus* and *Antipas*;
Bee't your charge to see them sent for home;
Something I must act, worthy my Meditation;
Ile not liue to haue care dwell so neere me; one small pricke
With this will doe it: thus Ile trye it. *Stabs himselfe.*

Nir. Hold, in the name of wonder; what haue you done Sir?

Her. Nothing but sought to ease my misery;
A little more had done it.

Nir. Good Sir haue patience; a Surgeon there.

Her. Patience, thou seest I haue, to kill my selfe;
I shall ere long rest in my *Marriams* armes:
I would not be a King another yeare,
For both the Crownes of *Iuda* and of *Rome*:
Prouide my Bed, I'm faint and something sicke:

Antipater, be close, Ile sift your knauery;
A King has eye-balls that can pierce through stone;
His very lookes, shall make the Slaue confesse,
Who's iust, and who's vniust: all is not well;
Lend me your hands, wee'l try who is the strongest;
A wager, of vs two, I liue the longest. *Exeunt.*

Enter Antipater, Hillus and a Guard.

Hil. These are (my Lord) your Lodgings; here you may
Rest at your noble pleasure; when you call,
W'are ready to attend you. *Ant.* Why tis well;

Yet, if a man should aske this Chambers name,
You would call it a Prison. *Hil.* Tis no lesse. *Exe. Guard.*

Ant. Then Gentlemen I thanke you; take your ease.
Neuer till now hadst thou *Antipater*,

True cause t'account with wisedome; all thy Life
Ha's beene but sport and Tennis-play: but this,
O this is *Serio Ioco*, such a Game,

Ascales thy Life in question; nay, thy Fame;
Thy Vertue, Praise, and Reputation:

What art thou now? a Prisoner; that's a Slaue:

Nay, Slaue to Slaues; flauish extremity!

But now a King; but now a Cast-away;

Crown'd, and vncrown'd; and vndone euery way:

Where's

Herod and Antipater.

Where's now my hellish Counsellors? my hope?
My strong bewicht perswasion? Rise, Orise;
And once more shew me my deliuerance:

Tut, all mute and hidden; tis the Diuels tricke
Sill to forsake men in their misery;

And I am pleas'd they doe so: let none share
Either in my downefall, or welfare.

Enter Animis.

Keeper, welcome: what newes hath ill lucke now?

Ani. Strange Sir, and heauy; Rumour saith, the King
Hath slaine himselfe.

Ant. Ha, cal'st thou that ill newes?

What, is he dead? *Ani.* Tis strongly so reported.

Ant. Thou dost not mocke my Fortune; prethee speake,
Speake, and speake freely; thou hadst wont to loue
And ioy in what did please me: say; Is the King dead indeed?

Ani. Vpon my life, tis firmly so reported.

Ant. Excellent, excellent; noble, happy newes;
Why, what heart could wish better? I am traunc't
And rapt with admiration; why, I knew
Fortune durst not forsake me: now hee's dead,
I may say, as the Diuell sayes, all's mine:
My hopes, my thoughts, my wishes; prethee ioy
Doe not too much orecome me: once againe,
Say, is he dead? is *Herod* vanished?

An. Questionles, so talkes Rumour. *Antip.* Name it truth;
Doe not abuse a thing so excellent:

And now hee's dead; who thinkst thou is the King?

Ani. I thinke your Greatnesse only. *Ant.* Why, tis true;
Exceeding true; who, but *Antipater*:

Hath not *Augustus* chose me? let the Crowne
Here? here, my *Animis*? hath not publique *Rome*
Stil'd me the King of *Iuda*? is there left

Any of *Casmonani*; or the Seede
Which they doe call the holy *Israel*?

No, I haue sent them packing; th'are as dead:

As *Herod* and my feares are: O, my loyes,
How nimble haue you made me! To behold
The Hangman hang himselfe; would it not please

Those

Those that stood neere the Gallows: by my Life,
(Which this sweet newes hath lengthened) had I seene
The Old man kill himselfe; I thinke I should
Haue burst my sides with laughing: Come, let's goe;
Ile haue the Crowne immediately. *Ani.* Go, my Lord, whither?

Ant. Vnto the Court, the City, any where;
Whither my pleasure leads me. *Ani.* Pardon me;
I haue not that Commission.

Ant. How; not that Commission? S'foot, dare any heart
Harbor a thought 'gainst me? Come, th'art wise;
Open thy Dores vnto me; I haue power
That knowes, and can requit thee; by this hand,
If thou withstandst my purpose; looke to be
Despis'd and wretched. *Ani.* Good my Lord, be pleas'd.

Ant. Not to haue you dispute my sufferance:
Come will you let me goe? *Ani.* Sir, I dare not.

Ant. Expect a damned mischiefe. *Ani.* Take better thoughts,
And good my Lord conceiue, this is but Newes;
It may be true, or false, or any way.

Ant. You will not let me go then? *Ani.* Would I could;
Yet if you will take patience, with all hast
Ile flye vnto the Court: if there I finde
The Newes be firme and certaine; I'm your Slaue:
You shall dispose your selfe, and me and all things.

Ant. Poxe of your purity, your Ginger-bread,
And nice, safe reseruations: but, since force
Makes me obey you; goe, away, be gone;
Flye as thou lookst for fauour. *Ani.* I am vanisht. *Exit Ani.*

Ant. O, what a thing is Man! how quickly made
And mar'd, and yet againe reedified,
All with a breath; to make vs know, in Kings,
Consists the great worke of Creation:
Why, I was lost but now; and now againe,
Am found as great as euer; thus can Fate
Change and rechange at pleasure; he that would
Haue kil'd, is kil'd in killing: foolish Fiends,
You are deceiu'd to leaue me; I shall liue
To make you bound to mine Iniquity;

Indeed I shall; and make Posterity
Cite onely my example; then (my Soule)
Sit, and sleepe out thy dangers.

*Antipater sits downe and slumbers; then, Enter Herod, Augustus,
Niraleus, Archelaus, Antipas, and Hillus.*

Her. O royall *Cesar*, this grace thus perform'd
In my poore Visitation; makes my Soule
A Bondslaue to thy Vertue. *Aug.* Tis no more
Then what your worth may challenge; onely Sir,
This violence on your person, by your selfe,
Must craue my reprehension. *Her.* Tis but fit:
Yet royall *Cesar*, what should Nature doe;
When, like to me, its growne vnnaturall?
Turn'd a deuouring Serpent; eating vp
The whole Frye it ingendred; nay, the armes
And branches of it's body. Sir, 'twas I
That kil'd the vertuous high Priest *Aristobulus*;

Enter E. Aristobulus, and Q. Alexandra like Ghosts.

See where he comes bright Angel-like: O stay,
Doe not afflict me further: how he moues
Like gentle ayre about me: see, to him,
Enters his royall Mother; hold, O hold;
I doe confesse my vengeance, and will shed
My life-bloud to appeale you. *Aug.* Why, this is
But fancy which torments you; here appears
Nothing that's strange about vs. *Her.* See my Sonnes;

Enter P. Alexander, Y. Aristobulus, and Marriam.

My louely Boyes; tis true, I murder'd you;
Come, take reuenge, and spare not: art thou there;
O, let me flye and catch thee: bee'st thou Flame,
Blastings, or mortall Sicknesse; yet I dare
Leape and imbrace my dearest *Marriam*:
Marriam, O *Marriam*; Villaines, let me goe;
You shall not hold me from her: O, a Sword,
A Sword for Heauens mercy; for, but death,
Nothing can ioyne me to her. *Aug.* This is strange;
Nor haue I seene Passion more powerfull: See you hold him fast.

Her. Shall I not reach my comfort? then, O come

L

You

You that my wrath hath iniur'd ; sticke, sticke here
The Arrowes of your Poyson : so ; it workes, it workes.

Nir. A Slumber ouertakes him. *Aug.* Let him rest.

Enter, like Ghosts, Pheros Achitophel, Disease & Tryphon.

Ant. Hold, O hold; whither is courage vanish't? Poxe of feares,
And Dreames imaginations : shall I turne
Coward whilst I am sleeping? No, Ile laugh
Euen in my Graue, at all my Villanies:
Yes, in despight of thee, and thee, and both
Your damned base Brauadoes : ha, ha, ha ;
My Mountebanke and s Zany ! How can Hell
Spare such neate skipping Raskals? What, my fine
Neate shauing amorous Barber ! Sec, I dare
Face, and out-face yee all ; I Death himselfe;
For, none of you, but dyed most worthily.

Ha, I am now transfigur'd : stand away ;

Accuse me not you blessed Innocents:

O, you doe breake my brest vp, teare my Soule ;

And burne Offence to an Anatomy :

I know my mischiefe slew you ; giue me leaue,

And Ile become both Priest and Sacrifice :

They will not haue mine Offering: see, th'are gone;

And I am onely fool'd with Visions.

Sit, and sleepe out Phantasmas. *Her.* Ha, ha, ha ;

This Vision doth not scarre me ; that you fell,

'Twas Iustice and my Vertue ; all your threats

Doe but augment my Triumph: go, pack hence; *Exe. Ghosts, &*

I grieve for naught but iniur'd innocence. *Enter Animis.*

Ani. Where is the King my Maister? *Aug.* What's thy will?

Ani. Emperiall Sir, 'Tis from *Antipater.*

Her. *Antipater*? speake forth, I heare thee ; that's a sound
Euer craues mine attention. *Ani.* Gracious Sir,

The rumour of your death, when it had fild

The City; flew to him. *Her.* Yes, and then

How tooke he my departing? Come, I see

Strange things in thy deliuerance: speake, speake free ;

How tooke he that sad Message? *Ani.* Not toth' heart.

Aug. No 'twas enough the count'nance languished.

Ani.

Ani. That was as light as any. *Her.* On thy life
Tell me his whole demeanour. *Ani.* Sir, in brieft;
When I had told the fatall Accident
Both of your wound and dying; sodaine mirth
Ranne through him like a Lightning; and he seemd
Onely a flame of Iest and Merriment:
His ioy was past example; and he swore,
His sinnes had made him King of *Israel*:
What shall I say; if threatnings or reward
Could but haue bought his freedome; at my choyce
Lay all my heart could number. *Her.* Peace, no more;
I thinke what thou canst vtter: O, this Sonne,
This Bastard Sonne hath onely ruind me:
Hell neuer knew his equall; all my sinnes
Are but the seeds he planted: fie, O fie.

Aug. Do not afflict your selfe; tis Iustice now
Shall take the Cause in handling: Captaines harke,
And harke *Niraleus*, doe as I command;
Be vigilant and serious: goe, away.

Whisper, & Exe. Animis, Niraleus & the Guard.

Ant. It shall be so; these Visions are to me,
Like Old-wiues Tales, or Dreames of Goblins;
And shall passe like them, scorn'd and iested at:
Why, what to me is Conscience? if I could
Neglect it in my whole Course; shall I now
Now when the Goale is gotten, stand affraid
Of such poore morall Shadowes? No, tis here,
Harden'd by Hell and Custome which shall keepe
And out-face all such Battray: I'm my selfe,
A King, a royall King; and that deare Ioy
Shall bury all Offences: *Herod's* dead;
And in his Graue, sleepe my distemperance.

Enter Niraleus, Animis bearing a Crowne, and a Guard.

Nir. Health to the King of *Iuda.* *Ant.* Ha, what's that?

Ani. Long life vnto the King *Antipater.*
Is the newes true then? is the Old man dead?
The wretched poore Old man; and, haue my Starres
Made me the man I wisht for? O, you are

The true Tragedy of

My Nightingales of comfort, and shall sing
Notes farre about your Fortunes. *Nir.* Sir, hee's dead;
And in his death hath giuen you all, that *Rome*
Before confirm'd vpon you; which we thus
Fixe on your sacred Temples; onely craue,
You will be pleas'd (as *Herod* did desire)
That ere you do ascend the Soueraigne Chayre,
First to behold his Body, and on it
Bestow one Teare or naturall Sacrifice.

Ant. O tis a Rent most ready; Teares in me
Are like Showers in the Spring time, euer blacke;
But neuer farre from Sunshine: Come, I haue
A longing heart and busie thoughts, which knowes
There's much to doe in little time: away:
I long to meet my glory; neuer hower
Was Crown'd with better fate, or stronger power. *Exeant.*

Enter Hulus, Officers with the Scaffold, & the Executioner.

Aug. This Preparation's honest; so dispatch,
And place these mortall Triumphs handsomely:
Sirrah, conceale your person; let no feare
Make his feare grow too early. *Exe.* Tis, my Lord,
My part to couch like Mischiefe, close, but sure;
When I breake out I'm farall. *Her.* Thou speakest truth;
Would this day did not need thee: tis a world
To thinke how strong our cares are; and how weake
All things which doe but looke like comfort: there's
Not left in me a shadow; nor a breath
Of any hope hereafter; this Bastards faith,
On which so much I doted, to be lost
Thus against kinde and nature; tis a sinne,
That teares my heart in pieces. *Aug.* Say not so;
Tis rather comfort well discovered:
But peace; see th'are approaching. *Sound Trumpets.*

Enter Antipater, Niraleus, Animis, and the Guard.

Nir. Giue way, stand backe; roome for the King of *Juda.*

Ant. No, let them throng about me; and behold
Their glory, and Redeemer, Ha; what's this? a Vision?
No; a mortall Prodigie: the King is liuing: O, I'm lost

Past hope, and past imagination; by his side
The Emperour *Augustus*: then I see,
There is no way, but to destruction.

Her. Yes, to deserue destruction: wretched thing;
Thou scorne of all are scorned; see, I liue
Only to sound thy Iudgement: thou, that thought'st
To build thy Throane vpon my Sepulchre;
See how th'art dash't in pieces. *Ant.* Gracious Sir.

Aug. Labour not for excuses; you haue runne
A strange Cariere in Villany; and thrust
All goodnesse from you with such violence,
That Mercy dares not helpe you. *Ant.* Yet, my Lord,
Heare mine vnfaigned Answer. *Her.* In thy brest
Was neuer thing lookt like Simplicity;
Thou hast made Goodnesse wretched, and defam'd
All vertuous things that grac'd Nobility;
Th'ast eate my blood vp; made my loathed life
Onely a Scale to reach Confusion;
Of these things I accuse thee; this I proue
Both by my Life, my Death, and Infamie;
And for this thou must perish: One, call forth
The Minister of death; and in my view,
Some minutes ere my dying; let me see
His head tane from his body. *Ant.* Sir, O Sir;
Thinke that you are a Father. *Aug.* No, a King,
And thence ordain'd for Iustice; to put backe
Ought of that heauenly Office, were to throw
Mountaines ith face of *Iupiter*; know y'are lost,
Lost to all Mankinde and Mortality:
Therefore to make your last houre better seeme,
Then all that went before it; what you know
Of Treasons vnreuealed; lay them forth:
The worke will well become you. *Ant.* Is there no mercy?

Aug. Not vpon earth; nor for *Antipater*.

Ant. Then farewell Hope for euer; welcome Death;
I, that haue made thee as mine Instrument,
Will make thee my Companion; and, I thus
Ascend and come to meete thee: Here I am

A Monarch ouer all that looke on mee,
And doe despise what all you tremble at:
Sir, it is true, I meant your Tragedy;
Did quite roote out you Issue; and if life
Had held, would haue wipte out your Memory:
This I confesse; and to this had no helpe;
But mine ill thoughts and wicked *Salumiths*.

Aug. Was she assistant to you? *Ant.* Sir, shee was.

Aug. Produce her presently. *Ant.* Sir, tis too late;
The heart-strong Lady once imprisoned,
Forsooke all foode, all comfort, and with sighes,
Broke her poore heart in sunder. *Her.* And that word
Hath brought mine vnto cracking; strike, O strike;
Dispatch the Execution; or mine eyes
Will not continue to behold the grace
Of the reuenge I thirst for. *Ant.* Feare me not;
I am as swift in my desire of death,
As you are in your longings: Come, thou friend
To great mens Feares, and poore mens Miseries,
Strike, and strike home with boldnesse; here's a Life
Thy Steele may quench, not conquer; for the thought
Exceeds all mortall Imitation:
Greatnesse grew in my Cradle; with my Blood,
Twas fed to mature ripenesse; on my Graue,
It shall, to all the Ages of the World,
Liue in eternall dreadfull Epitaphs:
This seruice men shall doe me; and my name
Remaine a Bug-bear to Ambition. Come; I am now prepar'd.

Exe. Sir, will you please to kneele.

Ant. What to thy vildnes? Slaue, Ile stand as high
And strong as is a Mountaine; strike, or perish.

Exe. I cannot then Sir doe mine Office.

Enter Salumith betweene two Furies, waving a Torch.

Ant. Poxe of your forme in these extremities.
What art thou there, poore tortur'd Wickednes?
And dost thou waite me to thee? Then, I come;
I stoope, I fall, I will doe any thing;
Thou art to me as Destiny: O stay,

My quicke Soule shall oreake thee : for, but we,
Neuer two reacht the height of Villany.

Strike, O strike. *Her. O-o-o-*

Here the Executioner strikes, and Herod dies.

Aug. Whence came that deadly groane.

Nir. From the King; the blow the Hangman gaue *Antipater*,
Tooke his life in the Instant: Sir, hee's dead.

Aug. The Gods haue shewd their wonders; some withdraw
The Bodies and interre them: that; where none
May pittie or lament him: th'other so;

As all men may admire him: for the Crowne,

Thus I bestow it on young *Archelaus*:

Rome makes thee King of *Iuda*; and erects

Thy Chayre and Throane within *Ierusalem*. *Sound Trumpets.*

All. Long liue *Archelaus*, King of *Ierusalem*.

Arch. I will be *Casars* seruant; and my life,
I hope shall purge these woes from *Israell*.

Aug. Tis a sweet royall Promise; prosper in't;

Make Vertue thy Companion: for we see;

She builds their ruines, spring from Tyrannie. *Exeunt omnes.*

THE EPILOGVE.

Y'Aue heard a Tale, which not a noble Eare
But ha's drunke with deuotion; and how ere
It scant in phraze or action; yet it may
Ranke with some others, and be held a Play,
Though not the best, nor worst; yet wee hope
It keepes the middle passage; thats the scope
Of our Ambition: But, of this w'are bold,
A truer Story nere was writ, or told:

If Enuy hurt it, tis our Fates; and we
Begge but your hands, for the Recouerie.

FINIS.